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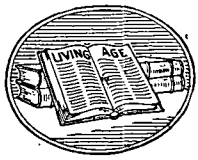

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THE PEACE TREATY

1. *A British Opinion*

BY J. L. GARVIN

I

If ever there was a time for the whole plainness of the truth, though nine out of every ten denied it, that time is now. We intend to express that truth without mitigation. Our forecast a week ago of the paper peace was right to the letter. A distinguished neutral, stanchly friendly to our own country, calls it with keen wit Peace with a Vengeance. Yet at the same time it is peace with folly. Instead of a settlement with security, it is a patchwork hinting peril in every seam. These terms give no fundamental solution to any European problem. They raise more dangers than they lay. They revolve in the vicious circle of the old diplomacy. They repeat the fatal precedents which have always led back to war and made the end of one struggle the direct cause of another. In the twentieth century, with all its democratic movements and portents, despite all the lessons of Armageddon, these terms try to do what Louis XIV, Frederick, the Napoleons, great and less, and Bismarck, attempted. The failure of them all has been written on ruined walls in letters of fire.

All the Treaty — apart from the incorporated and saving Covenant of the League — scatters Dragon's teeth across the soil of Europe. They will spring up as armed men unless the mischief is eradicated by other and better labors. Nothing is more clear and certain than this, and we are bound to state it. All the vaunted realism of the provisions will prove in the long run, and probably in the short run, as artificial, untenable, and futile as the morals are absent or execrable. For civilization there is now one hope, and no other. That hope lies in the development and strengthening of the League of Nations by the more and more united democracies of the world. Apart from that the Treaty fondly designed to operate for fifteen or for thirty years would not stand for five. Within half a decade another and more representative, more sovereign, Congress will have to meet to reverse much indeed of the work of the Conference which is now closing. There will be quarrels, conspiracies, agitations, assassinations, revolutions, collapses. The motley patchwork which has been stitched together will have to be unpicked almost throughout, thread by thread.

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The choice for civilization will lie between drastic revision on the one hand and disruption and war on the other. The democracies will prefer drastic revision and abatement to that disruption and that war. The English-speaking democracies, above all, never will mobilize and fight again for the arrangements which are proposed. No fact is surer than that one. If the contrary is imagined in Paris, then Paris is grievously misled. The people have to be reckoned with, not the statesmen. When passions are cooled, when ill-consequences are evident, when alternatives are clear, the peoples will think and act very differently from the statesmen of to-day. The victorious democracies have had their quarrel just. They will determine to make their peace real and sane. Never in this world will they travail and bleed, never will they sacrifice their sons and give their toil, for the maintenance of a wrong, and for the assertion of a lie.

This journal upholds now what it preached from the outbreak of Armageddon and through four years of bitter and rending struggle. When we did our part in kindling effort for the full idealism of the cause, we meant it. We urged a new way of life for the world instead of the old way of slaughter. We strove not for the domination of the victors but for the redemption even of the enemy and the reconciliation of mankind. No lesser motive, none, could have been worth the unparalleled sacrifice, sorrow, the effort and endurance of that vast agony. Now, instead of the clean break with the deadly examples of the past, instead of the epoch-making departure from the traditional diplomacy, instead of the best of settlements after the worst of wars, we have a Treaty which in its main features is as devoid of constructive wisdom and even of fundamental common sense, as of every trace of the Sermon on the Mount. The thing will not prosper. Within a few years either the thing will be changed by universal consent or worse will befall us all.

'Now that you have cut you must sew,' said Catherine de Medici after a memorable crime. There the mental daughter of Machiavelli was more moral in her astuteness than are modern statesmen in their virtue. We had hoped that her maxim would shine upon the ruling figures of the Paris Conference as in letters of gold. But the statesmen in those momentous deliberations have been more bent to continue the cutting than to do the sewing. So in article after article they have bequeathed to the world, not an unprecedented increase in the common stock of goodwill, but new legacies of divisions, ascendencies, subjections, dismemberments — new motives for hatred and revenge. As we look back now on the six months since the armistice, as we think of the larger opportunities which were opened, and on the way in which they have all been missed, we could wish many things.

President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George and their staffs share together this honor — that in however weak and halting a fashion, in spite of other views and the endless difficulties of their negotiations and their atmosphere, they have devised the League of Nations which offers a good chance of redeeming all. But we wish that President Wilson had either been less rigid in his principle or firmer in his action. We wish that the Prime Minister had been less fettered by his election pledges so as to be truer to the real Mr. Lloyd George, whose moderating and reconciling powers, when he chooses to exert them, are the best of his gifts. We wish that an almost octogenarian veteran like M.

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Clemenceau, splendid as he has been in the struggle, had been less chained to the ideas of the past, and had been able to take a better account of the ideas and forces of the future. We wish that Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino had been animated either by the idealism of Mazzini or by the prudence of Cavour. As it is, instead of the strongest and broadest foundations for lasting peace, we have provisions and arrangements which will make it about as difficult as possible for peace in Europe to endure.

If a multitude of words could secure mankind that vexed species, now would be safe indeed. The summary of the proposed peace was 10,000 words. The full text of the preliminaries, we are told, means 1,000,000 words. For aught we know, the final Treaty a year hence or so, incorporating all the subsidiary instruments and stipulations, will run to 20,000,000 words. Never were such unimaginable quantities of words employed with a view to signing, sealing, and delivering engagements which sooner or later will prove utterly untenable in their substance.

II

We were supposed to fight against militarism and to intend devising constructive and reconciling substitutes for it. The world now suggested to us is to be based on militarism and on nothing else for a long term of years. Marshal Foch and other soldiers regret that there is not to be more militarism. The Treaty is vitiated from end to end by mixing up right and inevitable justice with provisions applying mere Prussian principles in an anti-German sense. Thus you have a whole which depends entirely on the logic of force. Yet the actual force which alone could sustain it never will be available for the period contemplated. There is the conspicuous vice of this nominal settlement. It piles inordinate weight upon a floor which in any case — having in view the whole democratic tendency of our time — would be liable to collapse of itself. After the first £1,000,000,000 required from Germany, nothing in connection with the future of the indemnities will be sure. But vaguely the vanquished race is expected to keep working for others decade after decade. That is flatly against human nature, which in these matters has an odd habit of coming to its own despite all obstacles. Tribute running for years to more thousands of millions will be a permanent incitement to unrest, protest, conspiracy, to international agitation and intrigue.

The generation responsible for the war will pass away gradually, leaving much of the burden on Germans now so young as to be practically as innocent of the original crime as babes unborn. How can the financial enslavement of the German race be maintained for thirty years except by a combined militarism with that of France in the forefront? How can all Germany on the left of the Rhine — a region among the dearest to the whole race — be held down under French domination for fifteen years, except by sheer militarism? How can the semi-annexed German population taken over, with the coal in the Saar Valley, be managed and mastered in these circumstances except by force?

All this must either be altered by a revisory Congress very differently constituted — and that before many years are out we are certain to see — or general disarmament must be quite indefinitely postponed. In that case the Powers who have been obsessed by the thought of wringing super-indemnities from Germany will bring not only endless trouble and perplexi-

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ties, but needless burdens and dangers on themselves. There is another question, and a searching one. Every conceivable stimulus is given by these arrangements to the fraternizing spread of international socialism, if not to subversive Bolshevism. The Big Four, under the influence of the short-sighted forces which will suffer most by gaining so much of their own desires, have done about the worst for the future of nationalism and capitalism alike, but about the best for the movements working against both. Idle is it to play the ostrich in that regard.

But we must make a brief summary of remaining evils. The vendetta of a thousand years between Gaul and Teuton is not closed, but inflamed by measures calculated to arouse in Germany a more vehement hate and inextinguishable craving for revenge than existed in France after 1871. East and West Prussia are split asunder. We do not say it was easy to avoid. But if it had to be done, economic and other concessions should have made it bearable. The thing as actually done opens another hopeless vendetta between the Germans and the Poles. Sooner or later the Germans — in concert with the Russians — will have their chance if Polish policy continues to pursue its present lines. It is rousing all the old anti-Polish enmities, alienating every neighbor and potent forces within — Germans, Lithuanians, White Russians, Ruthenians, Czechs, and Jews. This carries us a little beyond the text of the preliminary Treaty, but is an inseparable part of all the considerations.

We may add that none of the new states yet possesses a firm framework or a solid internal organization, or adequate communications without and within, nor credit. The Allies have shown no sign of providing steady economic help — and promoting economic combination by groups such as is absolutely essential to establish the new states. Everyone of them has a new feud with two or three or more of its neighbors. Russia under any régime will never accept a western boundary drawn everywhere, almost from the Arctic to the Black Sea, without regard to any Russian views of Russian interests. Magyars and Bulgars only wait their time. Yet another new feud is that of the German-Austrians against Italy, which has pushed into the fringes of the Tyrolese — German Highlanders who in these matters are about as tough and stubborn a race as any known. Insistence upon the Treaty of London-plus-Fiume would mean as between Italy and Yugo-Slavia another irreconcilable vendetta. Between these neighbors, whose mutual friendship and consideration might have been invaluable to each other, no compromise even is now possible without breeding bad blood. Without being able for years to organize a new war on her own initiative, Germany, amid troubles on every side, will have plenty of chances to fish in troubled waters.

To these realities very little difference will be made whether the German delegates at Paris are authorized to sign or not. If they sign it will be as France signed in 1871. There would then be temporary submission to force, but in heart and conscience no acceptance. The whole of Germany is stupefied and overwhelmed by the terms. The beaten people know at last what in the past they have so mercilessly taught to others — the meaning of total defeat. But except when Poland was vivisected or when Napoleon slashed and trampled Prussia after Jena, no modern nation has ever been so extremely and pitilessly dealt with as the German race is treated to-day, though masses of that

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race had no true individual responsibility from beginning to end for the war or its methods, but were helpless in the hands of their late rulers and doomed from their birth to be the automata of the Hohenzollern State-system, educational, military, and commercial.

III

If the Germans are wise they will sign, of course. But if they signed and sealed twenty times over, they, like any other race in their place, would determine to seize every such opportunity of mitigation or repudiation as the inevitable troubles and dissensions of the rest of the world are quite certain to provide. The root-vice of the whole Treaty is that it leaves the German race no real hope except in revenge — no matter how long the revenge may have to be deferred. It offers the hundred millions of the beaten races in Central Europe, including Magyars and Bulgars, no good inducement whatever to become willing members of a new peace system. This latter aim was the essential principle of real confidence and stability; but in the whole Treaty there is no glimmering perception of the constructive necessities of Europe as a whole.

If we are now asked what the Germans will do, we shall not find it very difficult to answer. They will go back to the lessons which made them great after Jena, but they will bring those lessons up to date. They would have been deeply divided had the Treaty been less harsh. They will be compacted by its severity. Universal and abiding antagonism to it will give them a fresh basis of common interest. After passing, no doubt, through confusion and convulsions they will be solidified and fortified by adversity. It must be remembered that magnanimity of the victors, considered even on the lowest ground, pays, because it divides the conquered; whereas, these are only united by a prolonged weight of punishment to which they are all subject. Compelled like no other race to face realities, the Germans will derive from the situation into which they are thrust a new moral and practical strength which would not otherwise have belonged to them. Hence the foolishness of what the Allies are doing. It is necessity that makes men strong, success that usually blinds them.

If the Germans cannot build warships, more of their energy, as a matter of course, will go into building merchant ships and commercial aircraft. If they maintain no arsenals and armaments then more of their energy will go into manufacture. If conscription is suppressed then there will be added to the forces of productive labor about 600,000 males who would not otherwise be available in any given year. If their fighting power in annihilated they can develop, as after Jena, gymnastic and athletic exercises throughout the country. Nothing can prevent that. Their great institutions for education, science, and technique will remain. The terrible lesson of Armageddon is the facility with which armaments and armies can be improvised in emergency by any race with a highly scientific and manufacturing equipment. The vanquished will use every means to link up reciprocally with Russia — in politics, commerce, æsthetics. The stupendous thing this Treaty does is to remove absolutely every cause of rivalry between the German and Russian races, and to give them instead a number of common interests especially as against several of the new states lying between them.

Having no colonial outlets overseas, Germany is directed and compelled, as a result of the Treaty, to concentrate on commercial penetration by land

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toward east and southeast; and, above all, on political and commercial service to Russia. That is not all. More than ever yet, Germany will be the focus of international socialism affecting the mind and policy of labor in all countries, and not least in France. And Germany will be constrained by her interests to take the lead in developing and strengthening the League of Nations, and in invoking all its powers of revision. The demand for revision will be urged by some 300,000,000 of people altogether, with our late enemy at their head, for that demand will be supported on different accounts by Russians, Magyars, Bulgars, Jugo-Slavs, and others, as well as by all Germans. Napoleon said that one ought to build a golden bridge for a flying enemy. The maxim applies to the politics of settlement after war no less than to battles and campaigns. That is what modern France in the last few months has not remembered.

As we have said before, these are vistas of inflammable matter and mountains of combustible stuff. We will try to put the truth in a sentence. This Treaty tends to Balkanize — if we may coin the word — three fourths of Europe. We repeat our conviction that under the democratic conditions of the twentieth century the thing will not stand, and that it will not even last five years. We firmly believe that peace when gravely threatened again, as must happen, will be preserved by the indignant will of civilized mankind. But preserving the peace will mean not the maintenance of this Treaty as it is drawn, but the discarding of a large part of it, the reversal of some of it, and the decisive modification of the whole. For years we shall all be thinking, talking, and writing about it. We hope to pass next week, for our part, from negative criticism to constructive. We shall try to show not only that every hope depends on the League, but how every hope may be saved by it.

What we have had to establish here finally is our point of view, declared at the beginning of the war, maintained throughout the war, and faithfully continued now that the time has come for upholding in peace the principles and ideals by which the associated nations one and all professed to be inspired during the struggle. The best among us did not fight and work only to end by the adoption of German principles now repudiated by millions of the Germans themselves. We fought and worked, let us repeat it, not for the mere domination of the victors nor for the selfish security of a few, but for the redemption even of the enemy and for the reconciliation of mankind. That alone is worthy of the pure hearts of our young dead who fought without hate. That alone is the truth, and it will prevail.

The Observer, May 11

II. *France Speaks*

BY GABRIEL HANOTAUX

PEACE at last! Peace so tragically disturbed, and so tragically restored, peace which covers all things, whose very features are hidden by the splendor of its appearance, — Peace!

We are not in a mood to discuss peace; it is for us to accept it. It is here at last at the end of five years. Only a year ago, Paris was living in the alternate agonies of high explosives and black *communiqués*. The enemy was at the gates. And now, — he is at Versailles. M. de Brockdorff-Rantzau allows his tranquil cigarette to go out and listens. He receives the heavy volume, a weight to which he had not looked forward. And, accepting, he could find nothing better to babble than the vain

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protestations of a crushed militarism. It might have been more worth while for him, in the manner of our Premier, to have cut through this loquacity with one trenchant word.

To allow it to be said that France, Belgium, and the other Powers which have struck down conquering Germany are guilty of crimes similar to those of the Central Empires, is to permit the growth, in a solemn hour, of a false and dangerous legend. The future will read that. Now and as ever, historical fiction is being written.

Let us first consider that word in which the thought of the leader of the German delegation is resumed — 'The peace which you are imposing on us,' he has said, 'is a peace of *hatred*.' And he adds that an Allied imperialism is merely dictating its conditions to a German imperialism.

Let us now limit our discussion to France. M. de Brockdorff-Rantzau's allegation is cruel and unjust.

France, attacked, defended herself; she never was guilty of the least imperialism or of the spirit of conquest, either at the moment in which she went to war, or that in which she closed it with victory; she has claimed and obtained nothing more than her due.

The proof of this is inscribed on every page of the enormous volume. All in all, what has the Treaty given to France? Simply Alsace-Lorraine, and the coal which was stolen from her!

In spite of the dangerous 'lists' which fill the columns of the newspapers, the 'reparation' amounts to just that. The fair-minded will admit that we have not reckoned in either the horses, cattle, or equipages pillaged from us; or Morocco and the Congo, pick-pocketed from our too feeble diplomacy. As for the dead, the wounds, the atrocious miseries of war in our invaded regions, the immense debt under which we are staggering — all these have been summarily passed over. Does this indicate a peace of hatred? Of what, then, should a peace of abnegation, moderation, and patience be made?

The situation is clear. Our enemy lies at our feet. The ogre who sharpened his knife on our doorstone lies full length upon the ground. He will need years in which to retemper his bloody soul in the gall of his rancor. Who can say but this soul may really be transformed? May we not some day discover a Germany with whom Europe can live? Is this a hope, an illusion, a lure? We have faith in this trial. Therein lies the true sense of the Treaty.

The fourteen articles of President Wilson, to which our conquered enemies proclaim their allegiance with high fervor, promise us a new world in which humanitarian faith shall reign. We adhere to it. Is it wise that on the day which beholds the raising of this improvised shelter a lasting '*hatred*' should be sealed in its foundations? This Brockdorff-Rantzau is scarcely a wise diplomat; he would have done well to swallow his venom before entering the Trianon Palace.

Under the authority of President Wilson, the Powers,—and France in particular, — far from dictating a peace of conquest, resign themselves to an arbiter's peace. How shall France rescue herself from the disaster in which she is half entombed? That is what the future and France's faith in herself must show us. In any case, it is neither by the new resources which may come to her from the ransom of the enemy nor by the colonies which she will gain; nor by the labor of those soldiers who, having destroyed all, will now return, having rebuilt nothing, nor by the recovery of that French capital which the nation's laborious frugality poured forth upon the world.

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France will set to work anew, once again she will begin to save, she will be, nevertheless, perhaps for centuries the prisoner of this terrible catastrophe. It is not for them to approach us saying that the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine, the return of children to a mother's house, is a work of hatred, a work of imperialism. Such is not the character of this peace.

France is as noble and disinterested in victory as she was unconquerable in the struggle. Her character remains faithful to itself, since nothing has been awarded her beyond the bounds of her legal right, and she has asked nothing, insisted on nothing. She even added no conditions to that famous Pact of London, which all begged her to hold fast to for the sake of the world. She accepts peace as she accepted war. She accepts it with joy, with enthusiasm, with confidence: it is *Peace!*

May this breath of generosity spread throughout the world; may all others do as we have done. The great patriot who will sign the Treaty in the name of France is not a business man. Soon an octogenarian, he sees the life of men and even the life of peoples with the solemn detachment of a chief through whom destiny is accomplished.

In a certain sense, destiny acts within him and beyond him. Gathering together into his mind and conscience all the various facets of the European problem, he has thought it wise to hold us where we are. And there we shall stay, ready to receive from his hands what they shall bring us.

France rejoices. England rejoices, and stands by, discreet; America, who finds herself already too deeply entangled in universal conflicts and is seeking a way to withdraw, voices her full and vigorous assent. There are but a few timid objections from our comrade in the struggle, Belgium, from our friend and sister, Italy, from Russia, and from those eastern lands impatiently waiting for a solution.

One great person alone is absent from Versailles, and will probably be surprised that she has not been called to a place — Europe. For, by a singular contrast which will become more marked with the advance of time, the Treaty submitted deals with everything except the fate of the continent which has undergone war and the Prussian's ambition.

Europe remains even as Bismarck made it; this, to my way of thinking, is the grave lacuna in the world task now submitted to us. One seeks the constitution of a future Europe among those numberless articles and clauses, and seeks in vain. One precaution, one alone, has been taken; German-Austria has been forbidden to join Germany. There lay the good road, it has been opened, but not followed.

Again, there will have to be a real decision made in the matter of whether peoples are or are not free to dispose of themselves. If the thesis of pan-Germanism is to be accepted; upon what integral principle is the exclusion of Austria to be based? And if the thesis is not to be accepted, why incline before it when the matter in hand concerns one of those violent annexations, torn, a hundred years ago, by the force of Prussia, from the body of European liberties?

One of our friends well situated for knowing all that is taking place in the Palatinate and the Rhine country wrote to me yesterday, 'I am living here and I am reading all the time. I talk with people belonging to all ranks and I have been able to gather and examine many documents. Here we are literally walking on the souvenirs of France. The mental attitude of the inhabitants of the Palatinate has, for four years, been turning in a very marked fashion toward France. An immense

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future is opening here in front of us. What deception the entirely negative decisions of the Conference are bringing to us! . . .' People who see things from close at hand see them thus. Why should we have closed and padlocked the gates of the future to such deliverances?

Since the veto has been pronounced in relation to Austria, why should we not have disentangled that new combination of Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemburg, and Baden, a country of recent allegiance which only half a century ago represented that admirable hope which enchanted our fathers; the hope of a non-Prussian Germany, the true Germany? Why did they suppose these states to hold either this or that sentiment? Why did they not consult them?

Under our eyes, under the eyes of our soldiers who are maintaining guard along the Rhine, Prussian militarism has just entered Munich in triumph, and is crushing out under its hobnailed boots the attempt at separation lately manifested there. Bavaria is being treated as was Belgium, and we are looking on.

Therefore, there is no longer a Europe, there are peoples new-born, rich in a future, singing their first songs and ignorant of the 'difficulty of being,' Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, greater Serbia, perhaps to-morrow greater Rumania — but Russia has disappeared. No one can tell what she is or what she will be. Upon this devastated continent there remains to-day, to oppose that inexpiable 'hatred' of which the rhetorician of Versailles has spoken, only France.

France, it is true, can count upon her strong friends from beyond the channel and beyond the sea; they will fly to her aid. At the least peril, the Society of Nations will warn them. They will hasten hither, obedient to their oath, to their fidelity of heart, and to their Treaty pledges. The sea belongs to them. They need fear no longer the assault either of the battleships or the submarines of Wilhelm II. They will be at hand and at once. Let us count upon them, but, also, let us count upon ourselves.

The peace is good in itself; our enemy has been laid low, we breathe freely. . . . To every day its task. To-day, let us sign this peace. To-morrow, by our courage, our perseverance, and our proved abnegation, we shall improve it, we shall develop it. Europe, if she finds here only foundations, has the whole future in which to build. Only let us take care that the rôles of the play are not reversed; the sowers of hatred are not the conquerors, they are the conquered.

Le Figaro, May 10

III. *A Neutral's View*

THE peace conditions imposed upon Germany are so hard, so humiliating, that even those who had the smallest expectation of a 'peace of justice' are bound to be deeply disappointed. Has Germany actually deserved such a 'peace'? Everybody knows how we condemned the crimes committed against humanity by Germany. Everybody knows what we thought of the invasion of Belgium, the submarine war, the Zeppelin raids. Our opinion on the lust of power and conquest of Germany is well known. But a condemnation of war-time actions must not amount to a lasting condemnation of a people. In spite of all they have done, the German people is a great and noble nation. The question is not whether the Germans have been led by an intellectual group to their destruction, or whether they are accomplices in the misdeeds of their leaders — the question is, whether it is to the interest of mankind, whether there is any sense in

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punishing a people in such a way as the Entente governments wish to chastise Germany. The Entente evidently desires the complete annihilation of Germany. Not only will the whole commercial fleet be confiscated, but the shipbuilding yards will be obliged to work for the foreigner for some time to come. Whole tracts of Germany will be entirely deprived of their liberty; they will be under a committee of foreign domination, without adequate representation. The financial burden is so heavy that it is no exaggeration to say that Germany is reduced to economic bondage. The Germans will have to work hard and incessantly for foreign masters, without any chance of personal gain, or any prospect of regaining liberty or economic independence. This 'peace' offered to Germany may differ in form from the one imposed upon conquered nations by the old Romans, but certainly not in essence. This peace is a mockery of President Wilson's principles. Trusting to these, Germany accepted peace. That confidence has been betrayed in such a manner that we regard the present happenings as a deep humiliation, not only to all governments and nations concerned in this peace offer, but to all humanity. Whether Germany signs or not, these conditions will never give peace. All Germans must feel that they wish to shake off the heavy yoke imposed by the cajoling Entente, and we fear very much that that opportunity will soon present itself. For has not the Entente recognized in the proposed so-called 'League of Nations' the evident right to conquer and possess countries for economic and imperialistic purposes? Fettered and enslaved Germany will always remain a menace to Europe.

The voice and opinion of neutrals have carried very little weight in this war. But, however small their influence and however dangerous the rancorous caprice of the Entente powers may be to neutrals, it is our conviction and our duty to protest as forcibly as possible against these peace conditions. We understand the bitter feelings of the Entente countries. But that does not make these peace conditions less wrong, less dangerous to world-civilization, or any less an outrage against Germany and against mankind.

Algemeen Handelsblad (Holland), May 8

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THE FUTURE OF POLAND

BY IGNACE J. PADEREWSKI

THE Polish nation is to-day living through solemn moments. I suppose that in its eventful history there was never a time more solemn, more fateful than the present. The fate of our country is at stake; powerful people holding in their hands the destiny of the world, are building a framework for our independent existence, are deciding the frontiers of our State, and soon will pronounce a final sentence, from which, no doubt for long years, there will be no appeal, perhaps for many generations. Violent bursts of hope and of joy and anxiety are strongly shaking our national spirit. From every side, from every corner of our former commonwealth, people are coming here to Warsaw and going there to Paris, in frock coats and smock frocks, in old-fashioned country dress, in mountaineer costume, and they cry aloud and implore that their distant provinces should be united to the Polish state. The Polish eagle does not seem to be a bird of prey, since people are gathering themselves under its wings.

What will Poland be like? What will be her frontiers? Will they give us everything we should have? These are the questions that every Pole is asking. I am here to answer, as far as I am able, all these questions. I have taken part in the work of the Polish Delegation to the Peace Conference, and I am here to report on this work to the Seym, and I ask for attention. I will begin with what has been done. The Conference has only dealt as yet with one of their defeated adversaries, the Germans. Conditions have been dictated to them, though they are not yet signed, which give us considerable advantages on the west frontier. We are not all satisfied with our frontier. I admit freely that I belong to the unsatisfied ones; but have we really a right to complain? The Conference tried to decide justly according to the rule on ethnographical and national majority as regards all territorial questions. They applied this rule to our territory, and we have obtained considerable advantages from it on the west. But not everything was decided according to this principle. Thus, for example, our Polish population in the Sycowski and Namyzlowski district and in some parts of the locality of Posen has distinctly been wronged. The Polish Peace Delegation will do their best to have this remedied.

The press has already published the chief points of the Peace Treaty. I will, however, remark in passing that by this Treaty we are to receive more than 5,000,000 of population. This territory may yet be increased if the plebiscite in other districts formerly Polish has results favorable to us. The Peace Conference has not yet given us Warmia, Prussian Masuria, part of the Malborg district, also the Stzumsan, Kwidzynsan, and Suski districts, through which passes the railway line from Gdansk (Danzig) to Warsaw by way of the Mlava. The Peace Conference has given us the Keszybski coast, the Silesian mines, and the unlimited use of the port of Gdansk, also complete control over our Vistula, and a protectorate over the town of Gdansk under

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almost the same conditions as we had it in the most glorious days of our Commonwealth.

These conditions are different only in so far as present-day life is different from the life of that time. The area of the free town has been considerably increased. In the course of 126 years of Prussian oppression and systematic Germanization many Poles have forgotten their native tongue, and there are many real Germans settled in Gdansk. However, the former will soon remember Polish, and the others will soon learn it. Gradually Gdansk will tend to become what we wish it to become, if we show seriousness and common sense, enterprise, and political understanding. All Polish State property is returned to Poland absolutely, without any burdens or expenses. On the whole, I consider that Poland may be grateful for the verdict. If we are not obliged to shed more of our blood, I say that this is a great and fine gift from God.

For about two weeks the affairs of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy have been under consideration. Naturally, our affairs there are extremely important. Already the matter has been eagerly discussed, and has been the subject of passionate and violent interpellations in this House, and of certain painful reproaches. Fortunately, this affair has taken a good turn. Our dispute with the Bohemians was not settled offhand. Time has calmed passion, and to-day, without renouncing our rights, we are quietly considering these matters, and the Bohemians are doing the same. The Peace Conference wishes that we should settle our quarrel with the Bohemians in a conciliatory manner among ourselves. Mr. Lansing expressed this wish in the name of the American delegation. I have had many conferences with Mr. Benes, the Bohemian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and with the most important representatives of Silesia, and I am glad to say that in my opinion the matter is on the right road.

If Parliament honors me with its confidence, I shall see President Masaryk in Prague to-morrow or the day after to settle the preliminaries of the agreement with him. I want to have the conference on our territory in Silesia, with the coöperation of delegates of the Polish Government, representatives of the General Military Staff, members of the National Council, also specialists, engineers, and lawyers. Yesterday I had the following reply to a question addressed to Mr. Masaryk, which I translate: 'Thank you for your kind telegram. I shall be very happy to welcome you on a day to be named by yourself, only please give me immediate information as to the day of your arrival. I agree to the plan of a conference, and I expect we shall be able to lay a firm foundation for it. With most sincere good feeling for you and your people.' (Signed) 'Masaryk.'

I come to other affairs. True to the national spirit, we shall never wage a war of conquest or gain. We sacrifice our lives in defense of the lives and property of our countrymen, and in the conviction that our great sacrifice will insure the preservation of order and will protect Europe from the threatened ruin of the world's civilization. In defending the borders of our former Commonwealth, the life and property of the inhabitants, without discrimination between religion or language, we are at the same time protecting the west from the invasion of the east. We are doing the same as our ancestors did 700 years ago. We are not seeking new glory for the Polish arms. We are not boasting of our victories; but we cannot shut our eyes to the chivalrous virtue and civic merits of our incomparable soldiers. We express our ad-

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miration and gratitude to the commanding chief for the liberation of Lida, Swiencian, and Oilno from the Bolshevik hordes, for the liberation of Sambor, Drohobycz, Boryslav, Strye, Izolkiew, Brody, and Zloczow from the demoralized, merciless, and cruel Ukrainian troops. We express our warmest thanks and highest recognition to our heroic, brave, and devoted army.

The foreign press and different political parties abroad sometimes accuse Poland of having an imperialistic policy. One of our most prominent Deputies eloquently stated a few days ago that there is a general prejudice abroad against Poland, and, at the same time, said that the responsibility for this falls upon certain classes of our community. I do not go so far. I cannot blame any party for this. I must, however, remark that this prejudice actually exists, and is even spreading. The reproach of imperialism was made against us very long ago by the very three Empires that robbed us and divided us. To-day this reproach is made by just those people who are stretching out their greedy hands for Polish territory and its wealth. Though it is much easier to break down a hundred fortresses and reduce a thousand towns to dust than to overcome one prejudice, I consider that the moment is come for a great, powerful, and distinct voice, the voice of the Polish people, to make a declaration in this House which will confute all these unfounded foreign reproaches.

We never conducted a war of conquest, and we have no intention of doing so. We do not want what belongs to others; we do not want to conquer anybody else's territory. Poland does not deny the right of Lithuania and Ukraina to be independent, nor the right of the White Ruthenian people to individual development. Poland is ready to help them heartily and effectively. Food always follows the Polish soldier. We are sharing with the border peoples the supplies we get from America. In order to establish autonomy in these border countries, without prejudice to the future declarations of the Conference, we should immediately institute a plebiscite in these northeast territories. Let all the local populations declare their will freely and boldly. The result of the plebiscite will greatly facilitate the work of the Paris Conference.

I come to still more pressing matters. As you know, we have recognized the authority and dignity of the Peace Conference, as all other civilized nations have done, and we wait for its verdict. Up to the present its verdicts have been favorable to us. We voted here an alliance with the Entente, that is, with France, England, and Italy, who are continually sending us the help which is absolutely necessary to us in present circumstances. We have very much to be grateful for from America and its President. Without the powerful support of President Wilson, whose heart the best friend of the Polish cause, Colonel House, was able to win for us, Poland would no doubt have remained an internal question for Germany and Russia, at best confined within those frontiers which were assigned to her by the Germans in the Act of November 5, 1916. America is giving us food, America is giving us clothes, boots, linen, and munitions of war, and other supplies, on very easy terms, and with long credit.

Just before my departure from Paris, I received a letter from Mr. Hoover, promising Poland effective financial and economic help. That is the beginning of a very important help for us. Yesterday I learned that 2,000 tons of cotton would arrive at Gdansk in a few days, and that the Ministry of Finance in Washington were considering the

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question of granting Poland a considerable loan. Gentlemen, the Peace Conference, and especially England and America, with President Wilson at the head, while recognizing the necessity of our defending ourselves against the Bolsheviki, does not wish for further war on any front. Mr. Wilson expressed this wish repeatedly and very firmly. Could a Polish Prime Minister, director of the Polish Government, a man upon whose shoulders falls the really dreadful responsibility for the fate of his people in the near future, could such a man wave aside such demands? I did as my conscience prompted me. I acted as my love for my country and my honor as a Pole demanded. I said that I would do all I could to satisfy these demands, and I have kept my word.

An armistice was demanded. I agreed in principle to that. It was demanded that Haller's army should not fight against the Ukrainians. It was withdrawn from the Ukraine front, and finally it was required that the offensive should be stopped. Although the Ukrainians in their telegram of May 11 asked for the cessation of hostilities, on the 12th, at noon, they attacked us treacherously near Ustrzyk, bombarding the town of Sanok from aeroplanes. In the face of this criminal attack no force could stop the elemental impulse of our young soldiers. Like a whirlwind they threw themselves upon the enemy, and with lightning swiftness took Sambor, Drohobycz, Boryslav, Strye, Izolkiew, Sokl, Brody, and Zloczow, being joyfully greeted everywhere as saviors by the Polish and Ukrainian population. To-day our soldiers are probably approaching Stanislavow. But from Podwoloczysk and from Husiatyn a strong Soviet army has entered unhappy Galicia, or rather, Ruthenia. Haller's army will probably be obliged to fight on the Ukraine front, but not against the Ukrainians, only against the Bolsheviki, and perhaps it is fighting to-day.

On May 14 I broke off by telegraph all negotiations for an armistice, as I considered that after the way the Ukrainians had behaved themselves an armistice was absolutely impossible. The oppression, violence, cruelty, and crimes committed by them are without parallel. Wounded soldiers were buried alive in a wood near Lwow. Yesterday news came which brought mourning to our ministerial colleague, Linde. His wife's sister was murdered in Kolomia.

Gentlemen, I am far from blaming the Ukrainian people for such crimes. It was not they who made such an army. Other people made it for them. But speaking of the Ukrainians, I must state that people who do such monstrous deeds cannot be treated as an army. Thus our Polish expedition into East Galicia is not a war, but a punitive expedition against bandits from whose oppression both the Polish and the Ruthenian population must be set free before law and order can be set up on this immemorially Polish territory. Law and order will quickly be introduced there by every possible means. We are, at least for the moment, strong there, but we shall not abuse this strength. None of us think of retaliation or revenge, nor would Polish sentiment ever permit such a thing. There should be liberty, equality, and justice for everybody. And in this spirit and with this wish I ask the honorable Seym to vote in favor of autonomy for East Galicia, and at the same time I ask for powers for the Polish Government to open peace negotiations with any Government in Ukraina that shows moral strength and inspires confidence. I have finished.

The Telegraph, May 23

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THE VILLAGE DISCUSSES THE SINN FEIN RAID

BY G. S. G.

'THE guns was no harm,' said the Postmistress, 'but the money and the watch, sure 't was a terrible thing to take them.'

It was the day after a Sinn Fein raid. In the middle of the previous night Cloonarea House had been visited by a band of armed and masked men; the Colonel (in pajamas) held up with revolvers pointed at his head, the rooms ransacked, two shotguns, a Winchester rifle, a gold watch, and a Treasury note case, containing eleven pounds, having been eventually removed.

Cloonarea seethed with excitement. In the opinion of its inhabitants it was the quietest place in all the world. Raids for arms, it was true, were not wholly unknown, but, as the Postmistress had remarked, to take an occasional gun was 'no harm.' On the contrary, it was a legitimate and recognized entertainment for breaking the long and otherwise monotonous winter evenings in one of the dullest and loneliest regions in the West of Ireland. What Cloonarea could not understand was the fact that any one of its inhabitants could have sunk to such depths of infamy as to take the Colonel's gold watch and his money.

The post office was full to overflowing.

It was one of the few days in the week when Cloonarea held communication with the outer world. For the Great War, which had upheaved Europe and brought empires into the dust, had also left its mark on Cloonarea. For three years there had been no post out on Sundays and no post in on Mondays, while the post office was closed on Tuesdays for the sale of postage stamps and the dispatching of telegrams — an arrangement which, while it may possibly have helped to win the war, undoubtedly led to congestion on Wednesdays in a place principally used as a bureau of information, presided over by a Postmistress addicted to making the most of the facilities afforded by her profession for the acquiring of local intelligence.

'The Colonel is in a terrible way,' she remarked, displaying for the benefit of her audience the large bundle of letters she was engaged in stamping; 'he's after writing three letters to agents in Dublin to let the house for him; there's another letter to Dublin Castle itself, and one to the *Irish Times* — "Lawlessness in Ireland" it's called; and there's been telegrams all the morning to the military and the police.' The 'Boots' from the hotel, throwing down a large leather bag, spat thoughtfully on the floor.

'Ireland will never be free now,' he remarked pessimistically.

He was an ardent Sinn Feiner, of the type addicted to peaceable drilling on fine nights; but sternly opposed to any display of belligerency — a substantial deposit in the Savings Bank making him view with leniency the occupation of Ireland by a moneyed, if alien, race of English tourists. At the same time he was at heart a true patriot, and in the disgrace that had fallen on the Sinn Feiners of Cloonarea it seemed for the moment as if the sacrifices of Wolfe Tone, of Emmet, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been made in vain.

'Whoever done it,' said Jamesy Moynihan, the shoemaker, fiercely licking a stamp on a letter to his married daughter in America; 'it was n't Sinn Feiners. There's plenty of lads about who'd take the guns right enough, but only *blackguards* would take money.'

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The gloom deepened in the post office. An exploit which would certainly have added lustre to the achievements of the local Republicans had it been confined to the raiding of the Colonel's guns had degenerated into a common burglary, a crime without precedent in the country districts in Ireland.

'A low pack of robbers,' said the 'Boots.'

'It must have been strangers,' suggested the Postmistress.

A gleam of hopefulness radiated through the post office. It was significant of Celtic mentality that, while everybody was perfectly aware of their identity, under no circumstances would Cloonarea betray its criminals. An incident had occurred of which it was thoroughly ashamed. Under the circumstances Cloonarea decided to accept no responsibility for it.

'Strangers it was that done it,' everybody agreed with everybody else. 'Only a pack of common robbers would take money.'.

The crowd dispersed hopefully down the road.

The west wind was blowing softly across the bog. The lake lay shimmering in the April sunshine, its shores ablaze with golden gorse.

An armored car, symbol of Britain's might, sent in response to the Colonel's telegraphic appeal to the forces of the Crown, lay helplessly across the road. Soldiers in tin hats hurried, with harassed countenances, inside and outside and around it. A youthful officer philosophically smoked a cigarette in the ditch. The gray, unwieldy monster, constructed to move with equal facility backwards and forwards and sideways, could not be prevailed upon to travel in any direction whatsoever. A 'Ford' car, containing four policemen, paused to offer suggestions to the soldiers. The Protestant rector dismounted from his bicycle to discuss the outrage with the youthful officer.

'It almost makes me forget that I'm a Christian,' he remarked; 'I should like to shoot the scoundrels. Imagine taking *money!*'

At the house the Colonel was explaining to the county inspector. 'It's not the bally guns I mind (my best ones I sent long ago to the barracks), but that they should take my money and my watch — good God, sir, what is the country coming to?'

The Outlook

THE LITTLE BEGGAR

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

HE was on his way from his bachelor flat to the Club, a man of middle age, with a slight stoop, and an expression of face firm yet gentle, the blue eyes with light and courage in them, and a faint hint of melancholy — or was it resignation? — about the strong mouth. It was early in April, a slight drizzle of warm rain falling through the coming dusk; but spring was in the air, a bird sang rapturously on a pavement tree. And the man's heart wakened at the sound, for it was the lift of the year, and low in the western sky above the London roofs there was a band of delicious color.

His way led him past one of the great terminal stations that open the gates of London seawards; the bird, the colored clouds, and the thought of a sunny coast-line worked simultaneously in his heart. These messages of spring woke music in him. The music, however, found no expression beyond a quiet sigh, so quiet that not even a child, had he carried one in his big arms, need have noticed it. His pace quickened, his figure straightened up, he lifted his eyes — with new light in them. And upon the wet pavement,

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where the street lamps already laid their network of faint gold, he saw, perhaps a dozen yards in front of him, the figure of a little boy. The boy, for some reason, caught his attention and his interest vividly. He was dressed in Etons, the broad white collar rumpled, the pointed coat hitched sideways a little, while from beneath the rather grimy straw hat his thick light hair escaped at various angles. This general air of effort and distress was due to the fact that the little fellow was struggling with a bag, packed apparently to bursting point, too big and heavy for him to manage for more than ten yards at a time. He changed it from one hand to the other, resting it in the intervals upon the ground, each effort making it rub against his leg, so that the trousers were hoisted thereby considerably above the boot. 'I must help him,' said the man. 'He'll never get there at this rate. He'll miss his train to the sea.' For his destination was obvious, since a pair of wooden spades was tied clumsily and insecurely to the straps of the bursting bag.

Occasionally, too, the lad — he seemed about ten years old — looked about him to right and left, questioningly, anxiously, as though he expected someone, someone to help him or perhaps to meet him. His behavior gave the impression even that he was not quite sure of his way. The man hurried a little to overtake him. 'I really must give the little beggar a hand,' he repeated to himself as he went. He smiled. The fatherly, protective side of him, strong naturally, was touched. The smile broadened into a jolly laugh as he came up against the great stuffed bag, now resting on the pavement, its owner beside it looking alternately to left and right. At which instant exactly the boy, hearing his step, turned round, and, for the first time, looked him full in the face with a pair of big blue eyes that held unabashed and happy welcome in them.

'Oh, I say, Sir, it's most awfully ripping of you,' he said, in a confiding voice, before the man had time to speak. 'I hunted everywhere, but I never thought of looking behind me.'

But the man, standing dumb for a few seconds beside the little fellow, missed the latter sentence altogether, for there was in the clear blue eyes an expression so trustful, so frankly affectionate almost, and in the voice music of so natural a kind, that all the tenderness in him rose like a sudden tide, and he yearned toward the boy as though he were his little son. Thought in him, born of some sudden revival of emotion, flashed back swiftly across a stretch of twelve blank years — and for an instant the lines of the mouth seemed deeper, though the light in the eyes grew softer, brighter.

'It's too big for you, my boy,' he said, recovering himself with a jolly laugh, 'or rather you're not big enough — yet — for it. Eh? Where to? The station, I suppose?' And he stooped to grasp the handle of the bulging bag, first poking the spades more securely in beneath the straps; but in doing so became aware that something the boy had said gave him pain. What was it? Why was it? So swift is thought that, even while he stooped, and before his hand actually touched the leather, he had found what hurt him: the word 'Sir.' It made him feel like a schoolmaster or a tutor; it made him feel old; it was not the word he needed and — yes, — had longed for. And there was such strange trouble in his mind and heart that, as he grasped the bag, he did not catch the boy's rejoinder to his question. Of course, though, it must be the railway station. He was going to the seaside for Easter. His people would be at

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the ticket office, waiting for him. Bracing himself a little for the effort, he seized the leather handles and lifted the bag from the ground.

'Oh, thanks awfully, Sir,' repeated the boy, with a schoolboy grin of gratitude, and yet a true urchin's sense that the proper thing had happened, since such jobs were for grown-up men, of course. And this time, though he used the objectionable word, the voice betrayed recognition of the fact that somehow he had a right to look to this particular man for help, and that this particular man did the right and natural thing in giving help.

But the man, meanwhile, swayed sideways and nearly lost his balance. He had calculated automatically the probable energy necessary to lift the weight; he had put this energy forth. He received a shock as though he had been struck, for the bag had no weight at all; it was light as a feather. It might have been of tissue paper, a phantom bag. And the shock was mental as well as physical. His mind swayed with his body.

'By Jove!' cried the boy, strutting merrily beside him, hands in his pockets. 'Thanks awfully. This *is* jolly!' And this time the objectionable word was omitted.

But a mist swam before the other's eyes, the street lamps grew blurred, the drizzle thickened in the air. He still heard the bird's wild song, still knew the west had gold upon its lips; it was the rest of the world about him that now seemed dim. Strange thoughts rose in a cloud. Reality and dream played games, the games of childhood, through his heart. Memories, robed flamingly, trooped past his inner sight, closing his eyelids for a moment to the outer world. Rossetti came to him, singing too sweetly a hidden pain in perfect words across those blank twelve years: 'The hour that might have been, yet might not be, Which man's and woman's heart conceived and bore, Yet whereof Time was barren. . . .'

Mingled with these — all in an instant of time — came practical thoughts as well. This boy, the ridiculous effort he made to carry this ridiculously light bag! The poignant tenderness, the awakened yearning! Was it a girl dressed up? The happy face, the innocent, confiding smile, the music in the voice, the dear soft blue eyes — yet something, some indescribable, incalculable element lacking after all. He felt this curious lack. What was it? He glanced down as they moved side by side. He felt shy, hopeful, marvelously tender. His heart yearned inexpressibly, and the boy, looking elsewhere, did not notice the examination, did not notice, of course, that his companion also caught his breath, and that he walked uncertainly. But the man was troubled, for the face reminded him, as he gazed, of many children, children he had loved and played with, both boys *and* girls, his Substitute Children, as he had always called them in his heart. The boy, then, suddenly came closer and took his arm. They were close upon the station now. The sweet human perfume of a small, deeply loved, helpless, and dependent little life rose past his face.

He suddenly blurted out: 'But this bag of yours — it weighs simply nothing!' The boy laughed — a ring of true careless joy was in the sound. He looked up. 'Do you know what's in it? Shall I tell you?' He added in a whisper: 'I will, if you like.' But the man was afraid suddenly and dared not ask.

'Brown paper probably,' he evaded laughingly; 'or birds' eggs. You've been up to some wicked lark or other.'

The little chap clasped both hands upon the supporting arm. He took a quick, dancing step or two, then stopped dead, and made the man stop

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with him. He rose on tiptoe to reach the distant ear. His face wore a lovely smile of truth and trust and delight.

'My future,' he whispered.

And the words turned the man into ice.

They entered the great station. The last of the daylight was shut out. They reached the ticket office. The crowds of hurrying people surged round them. The man set down the bag. For a moment or two the boy looked about him to right and left, searching, then turned his big blue eyes upon the other with a radiant smile.

'She's in the waiting room as usual,' he said. 'I'll go and fetch her — though she *ought* to know you're here.' He stood upon tiptoe, his hands upon the other's shoulders, his face thrust close. 'Kiss me, father, I shan't be a sec.'

'You little beggar!' said the man in a voice he could not control quite. Then, opening his big arms wide, saw only an empty space before him. He turned and walked slowly back to his flat instead of to the Club, and when he got home he read over for the thousandth time the letter in which she had accepted his love — the ink a little faded during the twelve years intervening — two brief weeks before death took her.

The Saturday Westminster Gazette

A REALIST IN SYRIA

BY BRAVIDA

THE truth, in Syria, is rare. It would appear also, from what is being said in Europe, at Peace Conferences and elsewhere, that the truth *about* Syria is no less so.

We are supposed to be witnessing the dawn of popular diplomacy. This, as it affects Syria, means, I take it, that what is going to be done with Syria will be what the peoples of the Entente decide, modified by what the peoples of Syria desire. It will be no easy matter to arrange, because the peoples of the Entente know nothing about Syria, while the people of Syria have certainly given no mandate to anybody at the Peace Conference to voice their desires.

There are at least three parties in Syria with distinct views as to the future of the heterogeneous collection of peoples who inhabit that promising country. No effort has been made, or could possibly be made at this stage, to ascertain which is the most numerous. There are too many British troops about for any test — however much some of them might desire it — of which is the most powerful. There may be minor points of doubt, but the one salient fact at the moment is that nobody, however learned, however familiar with the Syrian peoples, can say that he represents them all, or estimate how many of them he does represent.

The rich, as far as one can see, are in favor of the British. But they are, for the most part, quite unworthy of being asked what they want. There are good people in Hell, as Sancho Panza says; but by far the greater part of the rich people of Syria — I am speaking of the natives — have battened on the poor, oppressed them, and reduced them to a misery so abject that it would do people with a grievance good to see them, as a lesson in what real misery is like. 'In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns,' they used to say. The Syrian peasant has a climate and a soil which (from the purely utilitarian point of view only, of course) make Ireland look like an outlying bit of Labrador; but if he had the rights, and the life, of Irish peasants in the worst of those bad old times, he would say the millennium had dawned upon him. But enough of the poorest. We will come to them later on.

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The rich then. They danced with the German officers, and entertained them as gladly and as lavishly as they now do those British officers who, unmindful of the eccentricities of Levantine mentality, freely consort with them. Cosmopolitanism, or internationalism, or whatever one likes to call that all-things-to-all-men habit of mind, is a *forte* of the Syrians. If you are talking to a Syrian and he thinks you would like to hear it, or that it would help to clinch a bargain, he will tell you he is English. How? Well, he lived three months in Manchester or Saskatchewan; or his brother did. And he will produce naturalization papers, either complete or in process of application, to prove it. One rapidly comes to the conclusion that many Syrians have, in different pockets, naturalization paraphernalia for each of the belligerent nations in the late great war. And while they entertained the Germans; and while, at the beginning of our occupation, they entertained the English — in both cases with their storerooms packed with flour and other staffs of life which the poor man saw about as often as we see Halley's Comet — children died at their door: children of two to ten years, with limbs as thick as a hockey stick. This is not put in for dramatic effect. Whether it was merely a *morituri te salutant* sort of irony, or whether they had wandered there on the chance of a stray *metallick*, it is a fact that starving children made rather a point of dying on rich Syrians' doorsteps or at the garden gate. Not that they confined these little unconsidered tragedies to anyone's doorstep. Any evening, when the British first came, you could have seen, if you had taken a half-mile stroll in the streets of Beirut after ten at night, six to a dozen children, stark naked or covered with a sack — and flies — dead. In the early days, before the excellent but rather long-winded public and private philanthropists got going, some night food queues, collected in front of a bread shop requisitioned by a few British officers who had nothing better to do, produced caricatures of the human form and vignettes of misery that would have baffled Raemaekers to draw or Tom Hood to describe. Rich natives walking — or more usually driving — by, the Christians in their quasi-European clothes at forty pounds Turkish the suit, the Mahometans, clad, as their Koran says, 'in green silk robes and rich brocade,' looked upon the proceeding, to judge by their puzzled stare, as some queer foreign antic.

So much, then, for the upper class. The middle class would, other things being equal, probably prefer to be ruled, or 'protected,' by the French. The French have a very real footing here. Their educational work, carried on almost entirely under Roman Catholic auspices, has been one of the dominantly hopeful features of Syrian life, especially town life; though one cannot say it has overshadowed the splendid and successful efforts of the English and particularly the American Protestants, whose college at Beirut gives a degree no educationist can afford to despise. Nor in justice may one omit the work of the German deaconesses. These three sets of devoted educationists have built up the Syrian middle classes between them; but the leaning has been decidedly to the French. The young Syrian, in so far as he has endeavored to become an imitation European, has aimed at being an imitation young Frenchman rather than an imitation young Englishman. His talent for languages, amounting almost to a national genius, enables him to speak as many as five languages, including English; but French is almost a second native tongue to him.

Against all this, however, we have a

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very solid political factor. Above all preferences as to nationality, the Syrian has an eye to the main chance. The middle classes have canvassed the question pretty thoroughly, and without waiting for the Peace Conference have decided for themselves that Britain's sphere of influence will be Palestine up to and including Haifa, with control over the Haifa-Damascus and Haifa-Jerusalem-Kantara-Cairo railways now being run east of the canal by the British Army. The French, they say, will take Beirut and the coastal towns north (Beirut is the only port among them) and the Lebanon, whose commercial future is rather a matter for speculation. The Hedjaz will, so the Syrians surmise, take Damascus and the wheat-bearing plains of the Hauran. The broad and vastly fertile plain between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, from whose red earth Adam is said to have been made, will be taken either by the French or the Hedjaz. (I use the verb 'take' to express 'occupy during the reconstruction era,' rather than permanent acquisition.)

That being so, who gets the commerce? Beirut, it is true, possesses the only harbor; but rumors are already afloat that a great British firm means to throw across the bay, from Haifa to Acre, a six-million-pound sea wall, and so create a port that will be easily first on this coast: for Beirut's harbor, even if it were relieved of the silting which, in places, runs even a whale boat aground, and of the half-dozen wrecks which Turkey has left as legacies of her last war, has wharfage only for one large ship.

More important still, the railway from Beirut, inland, is a rackety rack-pinion affair, which has to climb 5000 feet to get over Lebanon and on to Damascus. Haifa's line to Damascus has no such difficulty. Now the Hauran is going to be a big wheat producer; and the plain between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, though now cultivated by methods coeval with flint axes, will, under modern farming methods, be no small holding. Haifa's line can get at both more easily than Beirut's. Haifa can collect whatever mineral or oil wealth the Lebanon may one day provide; can tap the Palestine wine and orange trades — both with a future — and can take in silks and fancy goods from Damascus as a side line.

The Syrian merchant feels that if the French take Beirut and the British, Haifa, Haifa will swallow Beirut: whereas, if one firm, so to speak, runs both, Beirut can at all events rely on all its former prosperity as a suburb and feeder of Haifa.

In effecting a settlement, religious difficulties have to be taken into account, for the various conflicting faiths — Greeks, Roman Catholics and Maronites, Mahometans, Druses and Metoualis — are all game to score off each other politically. But, in general, the Syrian middle classes would be more happy, I believe, under the French — if it were not for the bogey of Haifa.

The chiefs, inland, do not much care by whom they are ruled so long as they do not see too much of the ruler. It is many a long year since a Sultan's, King's, or President's writ has run the other side of Lebanon. The Germans and Turks combined never controlled the inland Syrio-Arab's penchant for indiscriminate rifle practice, and we have had a little trouble with him in that direction. With these folk, too, the religious difficulty crops up here and there. Possibly they would prefer the Hedjaz.

As to the poor Syrians, it is ridiculous to talk of what they want. They would have plumped for the English at first. The English were such fools. A

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blind baby could have stolen from them: and if he could n't steal, he could always get bully for the asking, with his whining song of 'mafeesh mungaree.' The English hired him, and paid him twice as much as he thought of asking and five times what he was worth, and they were too busy to catch him idling more than four times a day. Then, however, the French started rather good bread and cold-boiled-rice institutions, and the poor Syrian, if he had known the Acharnians, would have jilted the English with a quotation from the chorus:

> Your designs and public ends
> First attracted us as friends;
> But the present boiled and roast
> Surprises and delights us most.

How can the poor Syrian say — or anyone else say for him — what he wants in the way of government? He has no education. There are thousands who have no home — who sleep in the ruins of Beirut, where a go-ahead governor once began to make boulevards, but had to halt for lack of cash as soon as he had pulled the requisite number of houses down. They live in filth that passes all understanding. Réaumur — for scientific purposes merely, be it understood — hatched flies in his bosom, so 'Selborne' tells us. The poor Syrian — because he could n't wash and change his clothes if he would, and at present would n't if he could — hatches collections in his bosom which would astonish an entomologist. Not that he has had much encouragement from his betters. In Beirut the one and only drain — itself something of a curiosity — runs into the middle of the harbor.

The morale of the Syrians is not that of nation-makers. Of truth they have no idea. Perhaps one may apply to them the comment of Tartarin de Tarascon on '*les gens du Midi*': 'The men of the South do not lie, they are mistaken. A lie with them is not always a lie, it is a kind of mirage. You will see that the only liar in the South is the sun: all that it touches is exaggerated.' Be that as it may, any British officer who has employed Syrian 'laborers'— and searched them at the end of the day's 'work'— will tell you that such lying has not been heard since Ananias was a child. Naturally, with such a 'home' life as theirs, they have moral habits that would form a *cause célèbre*, and sanitary habits that would start a plague in a rabbit hutch.

The well-fed German out here used to call the Turkish soldier an '*artiste de faim*.' The poor Syrian is a genius at it. Begging is the most flourishing trade in Syria, and the only one at which the craftsman gets a proper apprenticeship. Interspersed among the real starvers you will find child actors who would win a *furore* in London. They lie in an attitude of death in a woman's lap, their well-rounded limbs carefully covered with verminous rags. You will see them ten minutes later, when mamma has gone home for lunch, playing touch. Thieving in all its branches — piracy from off-loading ships, fraud, smuggling of stolen goods, pilfering, and pocket-picking — had such a boom on the arrival of the British as was never known in the best Turkish days, though now it is waning beneath a somewhat determined police surveillance. Animals? They talk at home of selling army horses out here. Well, the Arab and even the Syrian knows the value of his horse, and that while he is in working order it pays to keep him so. That is the utmost limit: and as to worn horses, or any other animals, it would need all the staff of the R.S.P.C.A. to keep even the streets free of eyesores.

Nevertheless, the poor Syrian (which is to say the Syrian in bulk) has hopes in him. He has a country richer in possibilities than many much more

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coveted lands. He is often a good craftsman (shoemaking, here, is a thing of delight), and if he were taught he would make a passable farmer. He has a climate which — except in the very hot months, and then one goes to the hills — the Riviera cannot approach. He cannot help developing, given two things — education and, for the next fifty years, an unchallengeably strong, unwaveringly stern, and unimpeachably just government. He must be taught — rich and bourgeois and poor alike, they none of them know it yet — that if there is a tariff and he sells goods above it, he goes to prison and is terribly fined: that if he juggles with the coinage after he has been told not to, he is chastened severely; that if he is warned not to carry arms and continues to carry them, he is looking for trouble and will find it; that if he commits the more obvious breaches of sanitary laws, he must pay; that if he goes to prison, there he stops till his term is ended, and neither agility nor 'backsheesh' will get him out. He must be made to work and not to idle or beg. He must be made to wash — and compulsory disinfection once a week, to which his distant and very superior cousin in the Egyptian Labor Corps submits so cheerfully, would not be amiss. He must be shown what a good city street is like — a lorry fell through the main 'street' of Beirut the other day. He must be shown what a good country road is like. From Beirut to anywhere is a steeplechase at present. He must be shown what a well-governed country is like. *Then* we can put it to him, as Machiavelli so neatly puts it to 'The Prince' — 'The sea is divided, a cloud has led the way, the rock has poured forth water, it has rained manna . . . you ought to do the rest. God' — or in this case France or England — 'is not willing to do everything.'

But weakness will retard the progress of what may one day be a great little country. Syria wants fifty years of the best European governorship the Allies can spare. The Syrian of promise is not wanted in Europe and should be kept out. He is wanted in Syria. We must teach him that it is better worth while to be a real Syrian than an imitation Frenchman or Englishman. Then it will be time to talk of 'trust the people.' Who governs meanwhile does not matter. The French want Syria. Let them have it by all means. But may we, as old hands at this game, ask the French to give Syria the best colonial régime they have established yet: to make of their stay there, not a commercial adventure, but the birth of a nation?

The Anglo-French Review

THE READING OF CONTEMPORARY POETRY

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

THERE is but one unfailing method of reading poetry, whether it was written yesterday or centuries ago — that of the bee in the blossom, or, as the Puritan might prefer to put it, that of puss in the dairy. We need but take pleasure in it, all the pleasure, delight, happiness, that it has to bestow, and that we are capable of receiving. That pleasure for one man — 'hapless wight' — may be instruction, for another edification, for a third the greed of the moth for the candle, for a fourth the desire of the eyes, or thought, or wisdom, or peace, or oblivion, or these in company; but all such readers are robbers, Ali Babas who steal the inexhaustible, and all are honest men who pay — into some inconceivable treasury — the price of what they carry away.

A poem may transport us but a

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little distance out of our workaday mind and this workaday world, or to regions remote indeed; but the fare is according to the miles covered. Seven-league-boots cost a good deal for repair. Indeed, pleasure of any kind can be procured only in exchange for something given, and the bargain is struck with exactitude. In reading that 'something' may be briefly described as 'attention.' Attention is not only a focusing of the senses, the mind, and the spirit; it is the half-conscious surrender of all one's past to the object scrutinized. As we attend, instantaneously, we dye, dilute, distill, essentialize, compare, and so re-make. Even the absorption of a child has more facets of vision than a fly; its ancestry gazes out from beneath its brows. As we grow older, so more and more of our experience of life transmutes what is present. Out of our paradise we look upon the face we love; and beast or devil is lurking somewhere in the burning or destructive stare of desire or envy.

Since the simplest poem is extremely complex—'Old King Cole,' for instance, or some little quatrain of Herrick's — the attention necessary to extract our all from its all is considerable. In quality, if not in quantity, it must approximate that which its maker bestowed upon it. Even a bad poem in the making — as the bad poet would freely admit — required a close concentration. The writing 'took it out of him,' the 'it' being energy, virtue. A good poem is the very love-child of a rare imagination that summoned the muses to its cradle, and God alone knows how love-children are made. With an infinity of pains, at any rate, yet of pains, perhaps for the most part and the most secret and prolonged part, half-conscious.

To examine any fine poem closely is at once to discover that it could not have been achieved merely 'by taking thought,' whatever Poe, two thirds man of genius and one third charlatan that he was, may have said to the contrary. It is a *whole* thing, balanced, self-secure; and every whole consists of its indispensable parts, and is made part by part. But no manufacturer who has 'turned out' a poem — though he and we may ingeniously pick it to pieces and examine the pieces — has yet been able to explain with exactitude how he put it together. Many of its most complicated parts — its densely historied words, for instance — he inherited ready-made. A poem, indeed, is a giving and surrender of life, of life in essence; and the man who claims to have 'made' it, resembles the fig tree that boasts of its figs, or the hen that clucks not enthusiasm but 'eureka' over an egg. A bad poem, in fact, as distinguished from an all-but-lifeless piece of exquisite verse, is not an egg, but a child stillborn. A mother may cry over a child stillborn; a sentimental female might even weep over exquisite napery sedulously needled for a child unconceived, and bad good-verse resembles such napery.

Since then the maker of a poem put all that was his for the moment into the writing of it, as a true artist invariably does, if it be remembered that the 'all' is the fitting, the reader, the re-maker, must in turn put all that is his for the moment (all, that is, which the poem is capable of extracting from him) into his reading. It is the highest possible tribute to say of a poem that it merits the attention, and the same kind of attention that we should pay to a daisy or a snail. Our tribute in either case is to the revelation of the inexplicable, the magical, the divine. Simple, sensuous, impassioned — there, in three words, is the reader's attitude. Survey anything in this world in true simplicity, with senses refreshed and

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uncorrupted — it cannot fail to set the heart on fire, and by the light of that fire the inmost spirit of the thing will be revealed. This is mere matter-of-fact, untinged by the transcendental. There is nothing cult-ic in it, or to wear sandals about, no mud for the mob nor scorn for the Philistine. Art is — or should be — as free to the world as any other form or manifestation of life; though to appreciate it in any profound and vivid sense, as to achieve it, will necessitate the taking of pains.

Now the 'objects' in a poem are as simple as clear simple sensuousness can make them, so as they shall be in accord with their environment, however transmuted or intensified by it they may be. King Cole's pipe, for instance, was not a meerschaum with a mouthpiece of greenish clouded amber; Herrick's daffodils are blowing now in English meadows, though the precise variety may adorn a Devonshire vicarage garden. The coral in *Full Fathom Five* was possibly presented to Shakespeare by one of Hakluyt's adventurers, whereupon he promptly sank it in the secret ocean of his imagination. A poet's objects, that is, are absolutely his own, to some extent his age's, and finally all humanity's. This is true also of his abstractions — love, faith, compassion, revenge, freedom, peace, and so on. The scene, the panorama of a poem — as compared with that of a fragment of prose — shifts with unusual rapidity, or may dwell with unusual deliberation and intensity. Woven of words, dyed with poetic tradition, and expressed with feeling, it is more densely packed with association and, therefore, more elusive. Its meaning, its philosophy, is inseparable from those words in that order, with their rhythm, cadence, echoings, and from that feeling. It is a unity at exquisite balance, so to speak, with its diversity; and secretes in a peculiar degree the personality of its maker. It is a mirror held up, not only to his 'nature,' but to himself, to his time and to his eternity. And, last, a poem would be beautiful, that is a delight, a music, to say over, even if it had no meaning at all.

To be read with any decency, then, it must be closely marked, it must be learned or studied, and inwardly digested. Enjoy its 'sound' in the throat and on the lips. Close with its little panorama. Follow up its truth. Stand on its verges and survey its horizons. Breathe its air, befriend its maker, rest in its peace and beauty. Be it. Then, if you will, bring scalpel and acids to bear: pick it to pieces, be a craftsman and put it together again, in better shape, if you can, from that in which you found it. Make it in all ways yourself, your own.

Now this is a counsel of perfection not unendurably difficult to achieve when the poet who made the poem has long been dust and ashes. If a poem is all that is claimed for it, however, it must be so much its maker's as to require some little discipline, modesty, and self-sacrifice in the reader. The more original it is, the more tolerance and charity it will entreat from him. But not only are the poems of the dead already familiar to us, not only have they almost imperceptibly entered and become a part of our consciousness, but they have survived the passing fashions of their time; their defects and deficiencies are irrevocable; and, in general, they are the best poems those dead men achieved. To reject them would be to confess not their defeat but our own.

The poetry of the living, of our contemporaries, is another matter. In their case an absolute surrender is, I suggest, rather too much to ask. We are apt in indolence to rebel against their originality, to fret at the unex-

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pected, the inexplicable; to look for flaws before we have realized merits and excellencies, to waste time in comparison and classification. Gradually and grudgingly we allow a contemporary to emerge and become in our minds the self he is — and then quarrel with him if he turns, as he continually must and should, another unforeseen aspect of his moon toward our sun. What is past is serene and secure, its dust is forever 'laid.' What is present in noisy and confused.

But courtesy to the living is (simply for our sake) no less necessary than reverence to the dead. Even, moreover, if an unconscionable quantity of the perishable is intermingled with an inextricably infinitesimal pinch of the immortal in our contemporary, that perishable, because it is a deposit of our own day, of our transitory modes, is worth some candid consideration. Far more we shall lose by giving too little — of mere 'attention' — than by squandering too much. Even at that we are likelier to see our Shelleys plain than colored. Jealously guard by all means your extortionate standards, but breathe not only the quiet winds that haunt the dead. For my own part, I think we should deliberately read a good deal of indifferent, even bad, poetry (not bad verse). It has its own virtues or it would not be poetry at all. It may, alas, be amusing. It will irradiate the better.

As for what is contemporary — so rich and various and adventurous has been the poetry of the last two decades, that to ignore it, to decry it, to refuse it one's 'best attention' would be merely to quarrel with this merry month of May because not all its blossoms are likely to be 'immortelles.' A weathercock may be a proud but is hardly a useful fowl, if, in season and out of season, he crows always into the west.

Everyman

ON FELLOW TRAVELERS

BY E. V. LUCAS

It has been remarked that among the odd people who congest this globe none are odder than one's fellow railway passengers (who, in their turn, are probably entitled to make the same comment); and now that the augmented fares have had the effect of causing everyone to travel, our opportunities of testing the truth of this generality become daily more favorable.

Roughly, fellow railway passengers may be divided into those who want to talk, and those who don't. There are then countless subdivisions, among which are: those who want to be seen off, and those who don't; those who like the windows open, and those who don't; those who stare, and those who don't; those who travel with children, and those who don't; those who cause the tunnels to smell of brandy, and those who don't; those who buy papers of their own, and those who borrow them; and those who know that the train will take them where they want to go, without changing, and those who don't. The list is by no means exhausted; but the first group is the most important because it is the talkers who have the greatest power to mar a journey. One can ignore the vagaries of the others, but the persistent talker is not to be disregarded, however absorbing one's novel may be, and particularly so when he sits on the opposite seat and has a roving and compelling eye, as he almost always has.

None the less, it is in trains that one overhears some of the best things. One must always remember that it was at the window of a railway carriage that a daughter, bidding her progenitor farewell, made use of the

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words, 'My fond papa!' And Charles Keene would have been but half the national benefactor that he was, had all tongues in trains been tied.

Just now the compartment with the talkative soldiers in it is perhaps most to be avoided, because — bless their hearts! — there is nothing in an English landscape as seen from the windows that is incapable of reminding them of something in France; and, after that, everything is only too simple. There was a soldier in the train the other day who dribbled campaigning stories all the way from King's Cross to Grantham; rising to his greatest height just beyond Hitchin, where he caught sight of some German prisoners at work. 'There's old Fritz!' he cried. 'Look at him! But you never got me, you blighter, though you tried hard enough!' And a series of escapes from death took the place of a tedious analysis of the differences between 'vanrooge' and good old English beer.

It was, by the way, on the return journey from Grantham that I realized that not always is the child in the train wholly to blame. A young mother and a small girl were in the carriage, and at every stop the child, who was getting very weary, asked, more and more eagerly, 'Is this London?' On each occasion the mother replied that it was not, darling; but when we drew up at Finsbury Park for tickets to be collected, she made the mistake of her life by saying that it was. Owing to a collector shortage, we were a quarter of an hour at this station, and I can assure you that if that cherub said 'If this is London, why don't we get out?' once, she said it thirty times; and with perfect justification.

That mechanical nuisance, the railway wag, seems to be on the decline. At any rate, it is long since I saw any fresh sign of the old obliterative facetiousness which removed the 's' from 'seat,' so that each side of the compartment was made to 'eat five persons,' or reduced 'until the train stops' to 'until the rain stops.' But once there were few carriages which had not been under this humorist's knife. Another railway character, who no doubt exists, I never have seen at all. I refer to the man who — but I will tell you. There was a mixed discussion the other day upon the performers of actions which give distinction by their rarity, and I won by naming this personage. What, the argument ran, was the most uncommon thing which, in a normal sphere, any of us had done: that is to say, not in the jungle, not in Labrador or Tierra del Fuego, but where tall hats are worn, and offices attended. Well, this one had shaken hands with the King, and that had caught out Tom Hayward; this one had escaped from a house on fire, and that had arrested a burglar in his own dining room. But such deeds, though remarkable, are not unique: other men have clasped the regal fingers, and Tom Hayward is not exclusively bowled, or run out, or stumped, or given (very unfairly), leg before; while fires and burglaries are of too constant occurrence. Hence it was I who beat them all by saying that I had once stopped a train by pulling the communication cord. I had n't, of course, but it carried the day. Not only was it untrue of myself; but I have never met anyone of whom it was true, or who was in a train when such a thing happened.

Land and Water

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ANGLICANS AND NONCONFORMISTS

BY A. E. BAKER

THERE is no more important division in English life than the gulf between the Church and Nonconformity. It dominates much of our thinking and practice in social matters and in education, as well as in religion. As the typical Nonconformist sees it, on the one side are the fearless champions of liberty and pure religion, on the other side is comfortable respectability, lukewarm in spiritual things, associated in politics with landlords and other vested interests. The spirit which is symbolized by the Westminster statue of Oliver Cromwell with his good sword and his Bible is opposed to the spirit fittingly expressed by the squire slumbering in his pew. And as the typical Churchman sees it, the refined saintliness which is the fine flower of Anglicanism, the spirit of Dean Church and Archbishop Laud and Lancelot Andrewes, stands faced by the successful grocer who needs a Little Bethel in which his aggressive personality may uplift itself. There is sufficient truth in both estimates to remind us that no Christian community can claim that all the truth and all the grace are in itself. Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Nonconformist, are debtors to each other. Anglicans, justly proud of their own heritage, dare not deny what they owe to John Bunyan and George Fox, to Samuel Rutherford and the Wesleys, to Martineau and James Drummond, and to other saints and divines and scholars of Protestantism. A recent book, *The Church in the Furnace*, dedicated by Anglican Chaplains in France to the Church that they are proud to serve, and to their fellow chaplains of the English Church who have died during the war, has on the title-page a quotation from John Oman, a distinguished living Presbyterian thinker. And in a recent number of the *Winchester Diocesan Gazette* the clergy of that diocese are advised to read a book by a prominent Congregationalist preacher, Dr. W. E. Orchard, of the King's Weigh House. It is a thing to thank God for that His truth is larger than our divisions and that in spite of them we have the grace to learn from one another.

Between entities so complex as Anglicanism and so heterogeneous as Nonconformity the clearest distinctions must tend to shade off into mere differences of emphasis. The English Church has the 'Historic Episcopate,' and Nonconformity is without it. But some Anglican writers, including at least one living bishop, are prepared to argue, and to act, on the assumption that episcopacy is, indeed, important and desirable, and has proved itself an efficient instrument of Church government, but cannot be insisted on as essential, in the sense that without it a Christian denomination cannot claim to be part of the Church Catholic. On the other hand, the Moderator of a Presbyterian General Assembly, and the President of a Methodist Conference, fulfill many of the functions, and enjoy much of the prestige, of a bishop. Similarly, if we say that the English Church is, in spirit and in organization, rather Catholic than Protestant, while the prime motive of Nonconformity

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has been antagonism to traditional religion, especially as embodied in Rome, we must, nevertheless, remember that there are thousands of loyal Church people who glory in the name of 'Protestant,' while the last two years have seen the rise of an anti-Protestant movement among Free Church ministers and lay people, who publish a magazine called *The Free Catholic*, and whose favorite methods of worship and devotion are as far as can be from historic puritanism.

To all who pray for the corporate and visible reunion of Christendom the comprehensiveness of 'the Church of the English' is profoundly significant. Adverse critics may say that the Church only reflects the Englishman's incurable passion for compromise; one writer has described the fellowship of Catholic and Protestant in one communion as 'Queen Elizabeth's shandygaff.' But the Anglican Church stands as a visible proof of the fact that Catholic and Protestant can lie down together in one fold. She is an earnest and a prophecy of the reunited Christendom which shall yet be accomplished.

Nevertheless, the essentially Catholic character of the English Church, as compared with the Nonconformist bodies, appears in many ways. Most comprehensively, it can be seen in the characteristic emphasis and ideal of religious activity of the two parties. The Anglican, like the Roman, lays great stress on reverence and devotion and awe, on mystery, and its expression in sacrament and music and symbol. He is familiar with the idea of a 'consecrated building'; he is quite at home with the thought that some particular material object — the altar, for example — is especially sacred. To him the worship of God, and the adoring love of Christ, are of incomparable importance, as ends in themselves. But the Nonconformist, on the other hand, in the true spirit of Protestantism, when it is aware of its real meaning, lays almost exclusive emphasis on the ethical side of Christianity. He applies a practical test to all religious activity. Worship — what we call 'Divine Service' — is, to the Protestant, only important as a preparation and inspiration for that true divine service which consists in a moral life. The spirit which is characteristic of pure Protestantism is the spirit of the Epistle of St. James. 'Pure and undefiled religion in the sight of God the Father is this, to help the orphans and widows in their trouble.' The contrast between Catholicism and Protestantism has been delineated beforehand by our Lord Himself in the Parable of Mary and Martha — the contrast between mysticism and efficiency.

It goes without saying that a combination of these two attitudes is necessary for a full religion. As St. Teresa said, 'To give our Lord a perfect hospitality, Mary and Martha must combine.' We must give a moral interpretation to all our religion; our theology must be ethical: 'The temple of Christ is the hearts and lives of men.' That is to say, we need the contribution of Protestantism at its best. But we need also a mystical sanction and elevation for all our philanthropy: 'For Thy Sake' is the famous stone that turneth all to gold: the kingdom of joy and justice which men ought to serve is the Kingdom 'of God.' This exaltation of ethics into the mystical sphere is the characteristic contribution of Catholicism at its best. And it needs to be emphasized at the present time.

Similarly, Anglicanism and Nonconformity represent competing ideals of public worship. The ideal of ceremonial richness stands opposed to that of careful simplicity. The full Anglican ideal is seen adequately expressed in such a service as the sung Eucharist in

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the Chapel of the Resurrection at Mirfield. There everything is arranged to give fitting external expression to the corporate worship of the congregation. The building, noble though unfinished, the ornaments of the sacred ministers, the altar, the incense, the lights, the Plainsong setting of the Liturgy, the ceremonial carefully carried out according to the historic English Use, all combine to form a richly expressive symbol of the adoring Church offering herself, in union with the Eternal Sacrifice of her exalted Head, a 'reasonable, holy, and lively Sacrifice' unto God.

The Nonconformist, of course, dislikes all this; he suspects it when he does n't hate it. Forms and ceremonies seem to him very dangerous. They militate against the true worship of the heart, spontaneous, free, reasonable, a worship 'in spirit and in truth.' His ideal is a worship as little external as possible, in which the spirit of man shall commune with God in perfect simplicity. The dignity and beauty of the Book of Common Prayer seem to him to have no advantage over the 'free prayer,' sometimes homely to the verge of familiarity, of his own minister. And the Elizabethan language of our book seems to make our services cold and unreal. All that you need, he will tell you, is 'the right spirit,' the spirit of penitence and trust; mere forms do not matter at all.

Let us recognize, frankly, that there is real danger of formalism in Anglican ceremonial. It is possible to 'read prayers,' without praying. It is possible to have all the externals of Catholic worship, without the communion of the soul with God. But formality is not entirely unknown in Protestant services, even in those circles where worship is most formless. The silence of a Quaker meeting is not always filled with the consciousness of God's presence; it is sometimes cold, and dead, and empty. The Spirit bloweth where it listeth.

We may admit that there is greater danger of formality where much attention is given to externals, than where it is concentrated on the interior reality. Because there is more 'form,' more 'body,' in Anglican than in Puritan worship, there is more of it to be a corpse, so to speak, if the Spirit is absent. But this can only be counted a conclusive argument in favor of puritanism if we ignore the real challenge and inspiration of elaborate ceremonial. If Catholic worship succeeds, it is more wonderful, more valuable, than Puritan worship, just as its failure is the more obvious and irreligious if they both fail. But if the full ceremonial of the Holy Sacrifice is the crowning expression and chief inspiration of sacrificial lives and of their fellowship with the atoning Life of Christ, if *that* is its reality, then it has a wealth of exalted meaning that no Protestant service can rival. No man can habitually attend High Mass (unless he is content to let it be a meaningless form, or unless his religion is on the pagan level where a sacrifice is offered to God which has no union with the lives of those who worship), without finding a continually repeated challenge and inspiration to a life of self-offering which shall be a fitting background and matrix for such an act of worship.

The ideal of simplicity in public worship has, nevertheless, its own value. There is a Quaker in the heart of each of us, something that finds in stillness and silence the means of spiritual communion. The 'Fellowship of Silence' enjoyed and described by Canon Hepher and those associated with him, Anglicans and Friends, and practised now by groups of people all over the world, is helping the modern Church to re-discover and to re-appropriate for itself, on its own level and for the satis-

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faction of its own needs, and after a positive, corporate fashion, the grace of interior prayer. Not only so, but this 'Fellowship of Silence' has already helped to increase that 'unity of the Spirit' between members of different denominations, without which any aspirations for corporate reunion are meaningless.

There is an indication here of a possible line of experiment and discovery for the Church in the methods of public worship, and of resultant deepening and enrichment in the devotional life of Church people. As a matter of history, Canon Hepher tells us that the 'Fellowship of Silence' developed from a meeting of Friends held in a building belonging to the Church of England. For too long we have been content with the false kind of toleration which is content to be divided from others, because their traditions, and tastes, and methods are different from our own. It is by contact, and the friction that contact brings, that our experience becomes fuller and broader, rather than by the ignorant and sterile isolation which has too long been the toleration with which we were content. The services of the Church, of every parish church, so far as possible, should be so rich and varied that people of all kinds of religious traditions should find their legitimate needs satisfied in them. There should be Eucharistic worship for the Catholic, and silent worship for the Quaker; a service, or part of a service, in which there is simple spontaneous expression of emotion for those who are accustomed to worship in that way; and a simplified Evensong for those who are not practised in public prayer at all. Just in so far as we can meet the legitimate needs of all types of religious person shall we be living up to our belief in the 'Catholic Church,' and just in so far as we can induce all these different people to worship together shall we succeed in uplifting and enriching the religious life of each one, so that what is the possession of the Church as a whole shall become the property of each member of it.

The contrast between the Anglican and Nonconformist ideals of the Church is quite definite. The Nonconformist ideal is individualistic; the Church ought to be holy because each person in it is holy. Those who do not come up to the required standard must be excluded; there can be no place for the indifferent and the unworthy. It seems probable that such an ideal of the Church was never intended, by Providence, to be realized. It has, at least, been the fruitful mother of schism and of pharisaism. The Anglican ideal, both because the English Church is Catholic and because it is national, reminds us inevitably of our Lord's parables of the leaven in the lump, and of the field in which wheat and tares grow together. There *can be* no separation in this world. The Church is Holy because the Source of its life, the Spirit which moulds its development, its ideal, its purpose, and its methods as distinct from those of the world, are holy. The best picture of the Church is that which shows it as a moral and spiritual hospital, into which the wounded and diseased are welcomed that they may be healed. The Sacraments are not for the good: they are for those who need help to be good.

A similar definite contrast can be perceived between the two ideas of where the ultimate seat of religious authority is to be found. Protestantism makes its final appeal to Holy Scripture. Catholicism, in all its branches, makes its appeal to the conscience and mind and faith of the Church. There is much truth, of course, in the Protestant instinct that

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the record of our Lord's life and teaching, and of the experience and teaching of the first generation of the Primitive Church, are of classic importance for the Christianity of every age. But when we have allowed for that we must not forget that the books of the New Testament were written in the Church and for the Church. To appeal to the Bible alone is to appeal to antiquity in one of its aspects. The Anglican Church keeps all that is valuable in the Protestant theory when it appeals to the Bible as alone it can be understood — that is, in the light of the writings of the Ancient Fathers and of the decisions of the Councils of the Primitive Church. It sees the Bible — especially the New Testament — as important because it is the record of one stage of the Church's experience of her Risen and Exalted Lord. This may seem only slightly different from Protestantism, but, in practice, this small difference works itself out into entirely opposite types of religion and character. So far as the Bible is really the seat of authority, and its interpretation is left to each man's reason and conscience, Protestantism tends to foster an exaggerated individualism in religion. The logical outcome is anarchy. And the history of this type of thought, from the days of the Lollards to those of the Liberal Protestants of the late nineteenth century, shows that its inescapable shadow has been rationalism. In the early days it chopped logic, and fought with proof texts. In later times it has read the Scriptures in the light of *a priori* naturalism, and discounted as 'obviously inauthentic' any passage which could not be interpreted in the light of its presuppositions. The Catholic view of authority, on the other hand, finds its natural expression in a characteristic humility. Arrogant Churchmen there doubtless are, as there always have been; but there is, nevertheless, a type of gracious humility which men recognize as naturally a part of the Catholic temper. In the same way, the Catholic view of authority leads to a tender regard for the faith of simple people: the search for truth is carried on in close contact with the needs of the 'pious faithful': it is assumed that orthodoxy is probably right. Nearly all the brilliance of modern Nonconformist thinkers seems given to the exposition of attractive heresies, to the exploration of fascinating bye-paths like 'The New Theology' or 'The Eternal Hope'; the penalty for those who follow such 'advanced' ways of thought is that they are left behind by the progress of the orthodox. The best thought of the Anglican Church is given to explaining, and commending, and illustrating the historic faith. We feel that there *must* be truth in any orthodox dogma or tradition, however old or stale it may appear to have become: there may be truth — exaggerated, unbalanced, misunderstood — in these new heresies that claim so much for themselves.

It has gradually become clear that the higher criticism has undermined the foundations of Protestantism: if it appears still to be standing, a coherent system, it is only because a certain unconscious mental inertia allows a theological system to remain for a time after its foundations have disappeared. Clearly, however, the merely external authority of Holy Scripture is a thing of the past. We accept it now as 'the Word of God,' unless we are content with the subjectivism of 'It is the Word of God *for me*,' because it has proved itself so to be in the experience of the saints. It is, then, the faith and life of the Church, and no longer the Bible, which is our ultimate authority. Protestantism, as such, is on its deathbed, killed by the higher criticism which leaves the authority of the living, present, continuous Church un-

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touched. The most apposite, recent, illustration of this is seen in the results of Gospel criticism, as they were summed up in Schweitzer's *Von Reimarus zu Wrede*. The last hundred and fifty years have witnessed an almost incredible activity in the study of the origins of Christianity, the life of our Lord, and the development of the Early Church and the Literature of the New Testament. All stages of that activity, even those which appeared most negative, have brought their gains. At the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century, it seemed as though all the biblical learning of Protestantism was definitely committed to views of Christian origins which, if they were true, would make the orthodoxy of the Ecumenical Creeds untenable. But the twenty-five years which have passed since then have changed everything. The New Testament critic offers us now only one choice, so far as the Gospel record is concerned. We must be content with absolute skepticism about the life of Jesus (and the more or less fantastic Christ-myth theories are only sentimental variants of this) or we must be prepared to accept the supernatural Christ, with His supernormal consciousness, which the Gospels depict for us, as an historical figure. And the present position of the study of the Pauline epistles shows that the sacramental teaching and practice of the Apostolic community, so far from partaking of the minimizing character of that of evangelical Protestantism, resembles very closely the doctrine that they are 'effectual signs of grace' which is taught by Catholics. Historical science, in other words, has demonstrated that New Testament Christianity was mystical-Catholic in type, and as far as can be from the ethico-rationalism of the liberal religious thinkers of the end of the nineteenth century

One result of all this has been the sudden and complete collapse of Liberal Protestantism. The return of the Rev. R. J. Campbell to the Anglican Communion, sufficiently important in itself, is more important as a sign of a general unsettlement and dissatisfaction among Nonconformist ministers. Hardly an Ember Season passes but the Bishop of London admits ex-Nonconformist ministers to the diaconate. At the 1917 Conference of the Primitive Methodists their President announced that during the year eleven of their ministers had resigned, of whom eight had joined the Anglican Church. And for one minister who leaves Nonconformity for the English Church, there are a hundred young laymen who do the same thing.

But even more important than this stream of conversions, is the rise of definite movements which indicate a new spirit in the Free Churches. The 'Free Church Fellowship' includes many of those who are most effective, spiritually and intellectually, among the younger laymen and ministers of the Free Churches. It is entirely representative in its membership, and works and prays and thinks in the most friendly coöperation with a sister society, 'The Anglican Fellowship.' The Free Church Fellowship arose because men in many denominations were 'very gravely disturbed' about their various Churches. They are banded together to try 'to rediscover for themselves those great liberties and verities of their tradition which have grown old and stale' and 'to gather from all ages and all Churches all that may be known of Christ in His familiar dealings with His people.' 'They are determined to inquire into and appropriate the experience of all saints concerning the practice of the presence of God,' and their desire is 'to cultivate a new spiritual fellowship and communion

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with all branches of the Christian Church'; their hope is of 'a Free Church of England so steeped in the spirit and traditions of the entire Church Catholic as to be ready in due time for the reunion of Christendom.' Some members of this society were 'in retreat' in Belgium a year or two before the war, and they showed in what sense they understood the temper and principles of the Fellowship by attending daily Mass in the village Church, not, of course, from curiosity, but in a genuine endeavor to share the experience of those whose religious tradition it is to worship in this way. How far is their spirit from that of the early Puritans, and how full of promise for a brighter future for Christendom!

The 'Free Catholic' Movement is even more alien from the separatist spirit of historic Nonconformity, and more certainly a symptom of the passing of Protestantism. In the words of one of its leaders, the Movement seeks to do for Nonconformity *mutatis mutandis* what the Oxford Movement did for the Church of England. They wish to press the freedom of Nonconformity to its logical conclusion of admitting Catholicism. They do not believe in denominationalism, but in one Church really free and really Catholic. 'The Movement was begun by half a dozen men in the atmosphere of simple devotion and during "Retreat" . . . out of "Retreat" we observed the simplest possible daily devotional rule of prayer, reading, and meditation . . . our Catholicism like every profound religion, is mystical and sacramental, and, for that very reason, thoroughly historical, personal, and concrete.'* Anyone who read the account of their recent Conference at Birmingham, culminating in a Eucharist celebrated by an ex-Jesuit, will realize how far these men have traveled from the merely negative, anti-Catholic attitude which was common up till thirty or forty years ago.

Such movements are without doubt the work of the Holy Spirit. They create a situation which challenges the faith of the English Church, and the statesmanship and imagination of its leaders. Are we prepared to spend the time and the thought which are necessary if we are to understand these movements and especially if we are to grasp what is the spiritual reality which they represent?. Are we ready to do our best to explain our own heritage of Catholic faith and devotion to these sincere, devout men? Can we make the effort so to understand the religious value of that heritage that we can explain it to others? If so, then it is no exaggeration to say that there has never been, since the disaster of 1662, an opportunity so obviously providential for the healing of the scandal and shame and weakness of the divisions in English Christianity.

* *The Free Catholic*, Volume III, pages 19-21.

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ROME REVISITED

BY DR. ARTHUR ROSENBURG

After sixteen hours' journey in the express train from Turin, at last we behold Rome. Although the express trains have ceased running between local points in northern Italy, they continue to run from Trieste, Milan, and Turin (Paris) to Rome, carrying even sleeping cars. The compartments are more crowded than in times of peace, but you get at least a place to sit. Troop trains loaded with French soldiers from the Orient army kept passing us. The soldiers were in shabby uniform and most of them men of mature age, whose faces bespoke the cares and sufferings of war. They were mostly vigorous men physically, and frequently one noticed countenances that indicated a high degree of education and intelligence. It is noticeable that the French, in contrast with the Italians, English, and Americans, scarcely ever shave off their moustache. The officers also are different from what were anticipated. It is very rare to find one who exhibits the elegance which we consider a native quality of the French. Here and there on the station platforms we see a couple of Austro-Hungarian war prisoners, well-clothed and not badly fed, longingly watching the passing train. Now and then we come upon something strangely familiar. They are cars with the white initials of our own railway system.

But here we are at Rome. The tremor of reverential expectation, which one ordinarily has upon entering the Eternal City, is reinforced this time by the thousand new emotions at entering the capital of an enemy country after four years of hatred and slaughter. The first thing that strikes us in the entrance hall of the station is a group of Polish legionaries in bright blue uniforms, who are there, to direct on their way, the Polish soldiers who are just arriving. However, not a great many have come. The French, English, and Americans have posted up huge placards to indicate the way for their soldiers. The hotels around the railway station are crowded, and in general the prospect of being unable to find a place to sleep is the same in Italy as in our own country. The price of lodging in lire is almost as high as with us in crowns. In addition, one has to pay four or five lire for heat, so that accommodations for a night in a middle-class inn costs from twelve to fifteen lire. The taxi fares, however, are surprisingly moderate. One is charged only 1.50 lire from the railway station to the centre of the city.

Since the armistice, Rome has been almost as lively as in time of peace. The principal difference is that the crowds of Englishmen and Americans trailing after a guide across the sunburned forum or the great square in front of St. Peter's, obediently looking now to the right and now to the left and now up and now down at the bidding of their guide, all wear uniforms. The men are in military attire. The women wear the garb of nurses. The French are as averse as ever to being herded and in contrast to the English and Americans pass through Italy as

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speedily as possible in order to get home. That is the only place they consider worth attention. One notices here a confusion of tongues, almost as great as used to prevail in the former monarchy. Italian soldiers and officers have acquired much more familiarity with German than they used to possess. It is more surprising, however, to meet numerous English and Americans who ordinarily seem to pride themselves on speaking no other language than their own, with a fair knowledge of French or Italian, although their pronounced accent easily betrays their nationality.

There are no restrictions upon the exchange of money. It is not unusual to see Austro-Hungarian bank notes in the show windows of the money changers' shops. One even sees the bills issued by our former government for use in the occupied territories. Austro-Hungarian bank notes are received readily on account of the demand for them by returning soldiers and officers, and because they circulate in the Austrian territories occupied by the Italians, where they form the only currency. In the middle of January, the exchange rate was 2.50 crowns for one lira. Crowns are in demand for the additional reason that people expect the Italian authorities to follow the example of the French in Alsace-Lorraine and exchange them at an artificially high rate for Italian money held by residents of their own race in the occupied district. Naturally, this has resulted in many attempts to smuggle crown notes into those territories and the Italians are taking every possible precaution to prevent this.

The show windows of the city, around which visitors crowd as they formerly crowded into picture galleries, are a great disappointment. The goods displayed are not nearly as abundant or attractive as in times of peace and though the average display is much better than in Vienna, it is rare to find anything noteworthy for sale. All the merchandise that is good or pretends to be good, is of American or English manufacture, or is alleged to be such. Prices seem high to the Italians, but are lower than with us. For instance, a good English suit costs 350 lire, shoes cost 50 to 70 lire. The armistice has already resulted in some lowering of prices for manufactured articles, but the principal effect has been to stop trading because everyone is waiting for a further fall.

The food situation impresses one favorably. The price for the excellent bread served here has fallen from one lira to 50 centesimi a kilogramme. Although bread cards are still issued, it is rare for them to be asked for either at the bakeshops or at the restaurants. Butter is to be had for 10 lire. You can buy milk at the dairy shops for 20 to 50 centesimi a glass. Chocolate costs at retail from 10 to 25 lire a kilogramme. The only place where I saw men waiting in line to make purchases was in front of the tobacco shops, for cigarette tobacco is very scarce and cigars are not to be had. One peculiar thing is the trade in stamps. Italy has gone crazy over stamp collecting. One sees the stamps exposed for sale in jewelers' shops, bakeshops, provision stalls, and furniture warehouses — particularly those of the war period, including the outlawed issues of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The prices they command are incredible. For instance, Austrian stamps that you can buy with us for 20 heller will sell for 80 centesimi, which is equivalent to two crowns. Bosnian stamps of the ordinary issues sell for three or four lire, which is eight or 10 crowns. It is not unusual to hear of 300 or 400 lire being paid for the more valuable collections of Austrian war stamps.

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The *Giornale d'Italia* and the *Tribuna* are still the leading metropolitan papers, but they have two widely-read rivals, *Epoca* and *Tempo*. However, the Milan *Corriere della Sera* with its magnificent news service, remains the most widely-read newspaper in Italy and has an extensive circulation in Rome. The Italian censor still interferes constantly with the press, especially the Social Democratic newspapers. One of the highly intelligent escapades of the censor, which quite equals that of our former Austrian officials in the same service, occurred during my stay in Turin. All over Turin were great bulletins reading '*Avanti*, the only newspaper in Italy with its own Berlin correspondent.' I bought *Avanti*. There was a column headed 'News from Berlin by our Special Correspondent, Comrade——, censored —— —— January, 1919.' Consequently, the German public was carefully protected from any infection likely to be communicated by the special correspondent in Berlin. Meantime, the real Berlin reports in the paper were so worded as to conceal their source of origin. While the Italian public displays great interest in news from the South Slav territory, it is rather indifferent to what is going on in the other parts of the former monarchy. However, in spite of this, the interest of the Italians in our country is quite lively compared with that of the French and the English.

Regarded from the surface, the German language seems to have been extinguished in Italy. During the two months I was there, I did not hear a single word of German, except when Italians conversed with me, and I did not see a German book in a show window. I was, therefore, surprised when I noticed in the streets of Rome that the railway time tables for the occupied territories were printed in German and Italian. While I was in Rome, I was never insulted or embarrassed because I used the German speech, although two young men in Trieste, who conversed in German, were roughly handled by the people. On the other hand, prominent Italian politicians, who were radical nationalists, with whom I began to converse in Italian, voluntarily spoke with me in German.

When we have stripped off the externals of this life from which we have been separated for four years by contempt and hatred and destruction and death, we readily win access to the new spiritual attitude of these people. After a few weeks under the cloudless skies of Rome, where the bright January sunshine gilds the yellow marble palaces and bestows its genial warmth upon the crowds that circulate through the Corso to the Piazza Colonna and the Piazza del Popolo, or sitting in the open in front of the cafés sipping their coffee *espresso* or their glass of vermuth, the icy estrangement melts. One looks about and discovers that these men cherish no permanent hatred. They have no ill-will toward Germany. Austria, whose name they half sing in their own melodious tongue, is the only government responsible for such injustice as was done. Moreover, the Italians do not charge the people of Austria with the responsibility of the war the way the French and English charge the Germans. Their complaint is concerning alleged atrocities, such as the devastation of the occupied territories and the poor feeding of the prisoners of war. However, the Italians seem to feel no personal hatred for the people of Austria, and they make little distinction in their sentiment between the citizens of the different nationalities that belong to the old empire. There is nothing of that hostility that the French and English cherish

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against the Germans. I do not refer to the Americans, at whose officers' mess in Fiume I was most hospitably entertained. And in any case, that personal tact which avoids even an unpleasant allusion dominates the popular attitude toward Austria, and completely subordinates such sentiment of national hostility as may exist.

I cannot acknowledge too gratefully the friendliness and the consideration of the Italian officers and civilian officials with whom I had to deal so frequently in connection with my residence in the country. You cannot help feeling a responsive thrill of cordiality when the major commanding the gendarmes accompanies his approval of a traveling permit for a 'hostile foreigner' with a warm hand-shake and a wish for a pleasant journey. One rarely sees any traces of the *Ricordatevi Society* which was organized to perpetuate hatred. Conditions contrast remarkably with those in France, where a similar organization is very active. In that country you see great placards posted in the railway station with the legend 'Never forget,' and a picture of a German hangman churl, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and a bloody sword in his right hand and a torch in his left. Or England's hatred! A young woman had invested a modest sum in the English branch of the Leipzig piano manufacturer, Blüthner. The English undertaking became insolvent because it was forbidden to sell any goods. The former well-to-do lady is now earning a meagre living in Italy as a language teacher. When I suggested that possibly the British company would again become solvent after it had restored connections with the parent house in Germany, she rejected the thought angrily—'Never! she'd rather starve the rest of her life than think that an Englishman would ever do business with a German.' This was the attitude in January, 1919. Such incidents seemed to me very significant, although they may not be quite typical of the average. During my residence of several weeks in Rome, I never heard a single word of hatred but frequently received expressions of kindness and consideration. Of course, Rome is not really a political city. It is, in fact, a city of entertainment and pleasure. Weeks pass without a single political mass-meeting. Italian politics are shaped in Milan. When I was residing in Milan, in the middle of January, the house walls for miles were covered with an almost uninterrupted line of posters: 'For Dalmatia,' 'For Fiume,' 'For Zara,' 'For Sevenice,' 'For Spalato.' There was a tremendous demonstration in honor of Wilson, from whom everybody was simultaneously expecting the fulfillment of the most contradictory desires. Wilson's bust or picture surrounded with flags and wreaths was exhibited in every show window. In one butcher shop I saw him encircled with a double wreath of thick sausages. By the side of these posters were thousands of others put up by the National Social Democrats and the International Social Democrats, inviting men returning from the trenches to hundreds of mass meetings.

All over Italy, however, the economic interests of the private citizen are becoming a matter of more lively concern than the national aspirations of the country at large. Worry over their business future dominates the thoughts of the masses so that little evidence of jubilation over the victory was observable. In general it is a mistake to assume that the Western Powers are in a tumult of joy over their victory. Those countries still feel their wounds too keenly and already they are oppressed too deeply with

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a terror which no one can embody in words, no one can explain and justify, but which vaguely hovers over the thoughts of men. It is the terror inspired by a mysterious and hopeless disease which they do not understand or comprehend, but which they are even more keenly aware of for that fact. All they know about it is its name. They call it Bolshevism. At the French border station of Modane three officers searched my books and papers for nearly an hour to assure themselves that I had no Bolshevik propaganda in my luggage. They said I was the first Austrian who had passed this point and it was incredible to think that I could be anything else than a Bolshevik. Finally, they seized with great satisfaction a letter to Sokolof in Paris. I called their attention to the fact that Sokolof was well accredited with the French government. The prompt answer was : '*Mais c'est un nom russe.*'

So the hatred of the Germans seems to have vanished in Rome. The hatred of the Austrians, which still remains as a more or less intellectual conception, is very moderate. The first breach in the hatred of Germany was made perhaps by German music. It was followed up by the devotion of Italian scholars to German philosophy. There was a sigh of relief through all Italy when the armistice permitted Wagner to be replaced on the concert programme. Brahms and Beethoven had never been rejected since they were not so German as Wagner, and the emotion they aroused was not likely to be so perilously pro-German as that inspired by Wagner. Now German music is almost exclusively played in the important concerts. However, oddly enough, when advertising Vienna operas, the names of the composer and librettist are usually omitted. Even the names of the leading parts are translated into French. However, they cannot do without the music, and the Merry Widow is having a decided run. The reversal of Italian sentiment toward Germany, encouraged politically by the isolation of Italy in the Entente, intellectually by German art and science, sentimentally by the instinctive disposition of the Italian to mourn for fallen greatness, finds public expression in many ways. At one time it manifests itself in a popular demand for the union of German Austria to Germany. At another time it expresses itself in admiration for German organizing ability which has enabled the country to recover so speedily after its collapse and to create a national assembly. Then again, the appeal for closer association comes from artistic and literary circles. Last of all, there seems to be a growing impression that in the eternal action and reaction of history there is to be a repetition of something that has gone before, but will, nevertheless, be new—a closer connection with the North, possibly in conformity with some existing political arrangement or under a new dispensation which is yet to arise.

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NOVELISTS AND NOVEL READING

NOVELISTS often complain that people speak with contempt of novel reading. The justice of their complaint depends upon what they mean. If they mean that their art is despised, they could not possibly be more wrong than they are. The lyric and the novel have for the last fifty years or more superseded all other literary forms. Novels long ago attained such a position that a man like Landor, who lived habitually with the literatures to which they are unknown, and knew the world's great epics, especially Homer and Milton, almost by heart, rejoiced in them as 'the least tiresome kind of epics.' Sixty or seventy years ago it might still be possible to think that the writer of Grote's *History of Greece* was a higher kind of man of letters than the authors of *Vanity Fair* and *Dombey and Son*, which were written about the same time. But that is quite impossible now. Everyone saw that Stevenson belonged to a higher order of the literary hierarchy than, say, Bagehot or Lecky; as everyone sees that Mr. Hardy and Mr. Conrad belong to a higher order than even such highly-honored veterans of history, philosophy, or criticism as Lord Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, and Mr. Saintsbury. Why? For the very simple reason that the first two have not only claimed the right of creation, but have shown themselves possessed of the powers which justify the claim; while the last three have never so much as claimed the right or pretended to the powers. The novelist is now seen to rank with the poet. Scott did for his age just what Homer did for the early Greeks. Anatole France does for the French the work of Aristophanes, and Mr. Hardy for us something like the work of Euripides. There may be, indeed there are, many deductions and qualifications to be made both from the general principle and from these particular parallels. But the broad truth remains. The re-creation of the world by means of the imagination, that giving of form to the chaos of life, which is the task of the finest art and of the rarest qualities in the mind of man, is now divided between the poet and the novelist, and is in fact more frequently though never so perfectly accomplished by the latter.

This new position of the novel may be measured by the change which has come over the official, or more or less *Almanack de Gotha*, status of the novelist. Such things always follow a generation or so behind the movements of intelligent opinion. They are not to be blamed for that. It is the business of intelligence to do pioneer work, which often gets on to a wrong track. Official bodies which commit whole orders or nations, wisely follow only when the track has proved itself able to lead somewhere. But then they do follow. So we see to-day. Seventy years ago how many novelists were there elected, as novelists, to the French Academy? To-day any novelist of real imaginative power, any man who can both create and write, is almost certain of his place there, in spite of the fact that elections to the Academy are not always made on purely literary considerations. Seventy years ago Grote would have been thought a far fitter president for the London Library or the Society of Authors than Dickens or Thackeray. To-day it is Thomas Hardy whom the Society of Authors prefers above all

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others for its president, and yesterday George Meredith was among the three vice-presidents of the London Library. The most distinguished of all honors, the Order of Merit, has been given to three novelists, and not, as yet, to a single poet, for it seems certain that it was as novelists and not as poets that Meredith and Mr. Hardy were named to the Order; and Henry James wrote no poetry. The National Gallery is at this moment exhibiting a portrait of Henry James presented to the writer by a body of subscribers who were moved as much by admiration of the artist as by love of the man; while it was accepted from him by the nation as the portrait of one whose high place among English men of letters is unquestioned and unquestionable. Has that ever happened before in the case of a novelist's portrait, and in his lifetime? For these arrangements were made before Henry James's death, and before he became a British subject. Nor was he ever a popular figure, either as writer or as man. The tribute was paid to him by the intellectuals with the respectful acquiescence of the great public to whom the things which interested him and the way in which he expressed his interest were alike unintelligible. It was a public recognition that a great novelist, like a great poet, is a man to be honored even by those who themselves cannot read him.

Here, then, is the novelist definitely emerged from the status of intruder, *parvenu*, or poor relation in the world of letters: admitted indeed as by right, on equal or almost equal terms, into the circle of its very highest and noblest family. But it is just there that the difficulty comes in. That society makes certain demands upon those who enter it. Any attempt to enter it without a wedding garment exposes the intruder not only to rejection but to punishment, which may easily involve weeping and gnashing of teeth. *Mediocribus esse poetis* must be a law for novelists as well as for poets directly they claim to share the poet's throne. And then they must come in the right spirit. A poet who turns out poetry for the market as a tradesman turns out his wares, a poet who looks at the spectacle of life with the eye of a newspaper reporter always seeing without ever perceiving, is not merely despised; he is hated for profaning the name and fellowship of the poets. So now it must be with the novelists. Nobody despises tradesmen or newspaper reporters, and if novelists had never chosen to be anything more nobody would have despised novelists. But after *The Heart of Midlothian* and *Far from the Madding Crowd* and *Youth*, after *La Vieille Fille* and *Un Cœur Simple*, after *A Sportsman's Sketches* and *Anna Karenina* and *The Brothers Karamazov*, there can be no going back. To-day a novelist can no longer be a journalist or a tradesman with impunity.

That is one of the difficulties which inevitably follow from an art coming of age and having to be taken seriously. To take a humble illustration, it is like the difference between fifty years ago and to-day in the matter of playing the piano. Nobody took music seriously then, and as a result every young lady who had passed beyond her scales would be asked to perform to her mother's friends, and did so without either feeling or appearing contemptible. Now that is impossible. The musical education of the country, though backward enough, as a glance at any music-seller's windows will show, has at last advanced so far as to forbid our forcing every girl to learn to sing and play, irrespective of any question of her possessing a voice or an ear, and to make us require a certain standard before those who may ultimately be able to perform are invited or allowed to do

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so in public. In the same way the art of the novelist has grown up, and we have been educated to take it seriously and can no longer endure with patience the punctual arrival every three months of another of Mr. A.'s 'machines' or another of Miss B.'s fashion books.

There lies one cause of the contempt of novels — in the antithesis between the greatness of the possibilities of the art as revealed by its masters and the vulgarity, triviality, and commercialism of the bulk of its practitioners. The 'mediocre' poets, who annoy us also, are neither so numerous nor so vulgar; and the public gives them no chance of being so commercial. That is where their art helps even them: its nobility and its difficulty almost forbid vulgarity, and put serious obstacles in the way of commercialism. It is the advantage of sculpture as compared with painting. The sculptor has a more difficult art and much less chance of popularity. The result is that there are fifty bad painters for one bad sculptor. The novelist and the painter find their art too easy. Applause of a kind, to say nothing of profit, can be bought in it at too cheap a rate; and the incompetent come in crowds to obtain it. To write a fourth-rate novel is a kind of trick requiring the fewest and lowest intellectual attainments, and in consequence winning and deserving no more respect than is paid to a juggler. Each has learned to perform a trick which we cannot ourselves perform and do not desire to — that is all. It may, or may not, amuse us a little for ten minutes or a few hours. But even if it does, the performer, who is a mere tradesman selling his goods, has no claim to the respect and gratitude which are instantly given to the artist and to him alone.

Nor do such performances bring with them any indirect honor. It is probably not difficult to learn to drive a plough or make a coat, and both occupations are commonly pursued solely for the reward they earn. But even the less interesting of the two is ancient and useful, and wins the respect that fairly belongs to ancientry and utility; while the other is, in addition, one of the most beautiful actions which man has ever been seen to perform. But inferior novel writing is neither an ancient nor a beautiful occupation, and scarcely at all a useful one. And of all kinds of writing it gives the least promise that the writer will prove an interesting man or woman. As a photographer who lives by the daily and mechanical reproduction of dull faces which mean nothing to him is almost inevitably a dull man, so with the journeyman novelist. He lives his life with his commonplace echoes of the obvious as the photographer lives with his meaningless photographs; and he is no more likely than the photographer to have anything in him to interest other people. That is where other writers, of no high pretensions, get an advantage over him. The man who makes an edition of Virgil or a short history of France, or writes a book about bee-keeping or a treatise on the poor law, is by no means certain to be good company. But he has at least the first qualification for it. For he has himself either lived in the best society, or been occupied in doing interesting or useful things, or in studying the way in which they are done. It is at least as likely to be due to our stupidity as to his if we fail to get anything interesting out of him about his bees or his poor men; and there is almost sure to be an advantage in having lived for years with such a man as Virgil or with the great names and great events which alone keep their heads above the flood of oblivion in a thousand years of history. The society kept by the journeyman novel-

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ist and photographer profits by no such process of selection and contains no such promise. Then there is another thing, more or less akin to this. The novelist, as has been suggested, is exposed to contempt by the ease of his art, if he be content to take it at its lowest. But he also suffers by a difficulty inherent in it, at least for those who take their imagination at all seriously. The historian, the biographer, the writer of memoirs, the critic, has so much given to him. The novelist has nothing. When he begins to talk of Becky or Bathsheba we care nothing for either. We do not believe in them unless he can make us believe; we do not mind whether they are happy or miserable, live or die, unless he can compel us to do so. That is why indifferent novels are to some of us exactly the most tedious reading in the world. We find more pleasure in a treatise on banking, and far more in a book of Euclid. These at least exercise the mind in a world of truth and provide it with useful information. Any intelligent man, however little concerned in finance, would, on the whole, rather understand it than not. But no intelligent man feels any similar *a priori* interest in the doings of Mr. A. and Miss B., who, as his intelligence coldly tells him, never so much as existed, and, if they had, would have for him neither importance nor interest. Only the imagination can silence that cold intelligence, and the imagination cannot be set working except by real power. Consequently, to those who demand that a book should interest either the intellect or the imagination, if it cannot interest both, no reading can be so tedious as one which records the empty doings of Mr. Brown, who never comes alive, and his ultimate marriage with Miss Robinson, who was nothing at all in the first chapter and is only a stuffed and clothed wax figure in the last.

Can anybody read *The Black Arrow* after he has grown up? Can anybody stop before the last page of *Kidnapped?* There is the contrast in a single author. But this advantage which the novelist has to earn, the historian, the critic, the writer of memoirs has given to him by the nature of things. We do not want to hear about David Balfour and Alan Breck till Stevenson makes us. We want to hear about famous events and great men because, being men, we are in love both with truth and with greatness. The dullest man on earth who personally knew Shakespeare or Napoleon, or even men who are dwarfs beside these, has no need to ask our ears; he has them without asking. *Virgilium vidi tantum* is his sufficient credential; 'did you once see Shelley plain?' our inevitable attitude toward him. Edward Phillips was not an interesting man, and the treadmill would very likely be as pleasant an occupation as reading a novel of his if he had written one; but — he was Milton's nephew and knew him well. He is, therefore, sure of his audience before he begins. Eckermann was apparently rather a stupid man; but because he often talked to Goethe he was able to write one of the most interesting books in existence. So a stupid man who was in the Black Hole of Calcutta, or with Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, or was a spectator of August 10th or 10th Thermidor or 19th Brumaire, or lived and took notes at the Court of Louis XIV or in the English Parliament in the days of Chatham or Burke, is sure of our attention beforehand. He may and often does throw it away after a while; but the point is that he starts with it and the novelist starts without it. And this is true not merely of first-hand reporters, but of students and critics. Anybody who writes about Rome, whether Republic, Empire, or Church; anybody who writes about

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Greek sculpture or English poetry or Chinese porcelain; anybody who writes about religion or biology, gardening or chess, has his interest ready-made for him in the minds of his public. The novelist has nothing but what he can himself create.

There, then, is his difficulty and his glory. He has chosen to be a creator and not a compiler. He has chosen to practise an art in which, if he cannot create, he is less interesting and less respectable than a compiler. That is why men of education and intelligence feel the contempt which they certainly do feel for the mass of novelists. 'This fellow has not got the knowledge or the mind to tell me anything I want to hear; and he has not got the power which would force me to listen to whatever he wanted to say.' So they feel, consciously or unconsciously, even of the majority of the novelists who circulate in the Libraries. They cannot respect or desire the acquaintance either of the men or of their works. Whether to meet or to read they prefer even the second-rate historian or critic or man of science. But the novelist's revenge, if he can take it, is glorious. If he or she can write *Pride and Prejudice*, or *Victory*, we all to-day (though not when *Pride and Prejudice* was written) bow down and worship at once. The second-rate or even first-rate critics and historians retire into the background; we salute with gratitude, with wonder, the strangely gifted being by whose magic touch the old clay of humanity is quickened to a new birth of life. Life and newness, they are the things. 'If the Lord should make a new thing,' said Moses; but it was a newness of death of which he was speaking. The only man who shares that divine privilege of making new things is the artist: and his creations are, or should be, always of new life.

The Times

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A FRANK EXPLANATION OF BRITISH COMMERCIAL POLICY

BY SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND, Bt., M.P.

So much misconception appears to prevail in some quarters over the state of British Trade and British Trade policy, that perhaps a few observations on the subject will not be out of place. And to this end it is necessary to grasp the real nature of what has happened in the war as the only means of understanding the present situation.

Industrially, the decrease in productiveness owing to the war, of the industries of the United Kingdom for export, may be measured by the fact that the total estimated weight of our exports in 1917 was only 44,742,000 tons, or 48 per cent of our exports in 1913. Commercially, however, our loss of markets has been very much greater than would be indicated by this figure. Of our total exports by weight in 1917, about one half were to France, and nearly the whole of this consisted of coal and war material. Our exports by weight, of principal articles to Italy, had declined by 53 per cent in comparison with 1913; to Argentine, Brazil, and Chile by 90 per cent, 87 per cent, and 76 per cent, respectively; to China and Japan by 76 per cent and 83 per cent respectively; to British India by 51 per cent; to Australia, New Zealand, and Canada by 73 per cent, 80 per cent, and 49 per cent, respectively. In the South American, Far Eastern, and British Overseas Markets which we have thus lost we have been largely replaced by other nations and notably by the United States and Japan.

Financially, however, our position appears to be even more serious. Of the total declared value of our exports in 1917 — £527,080,000 — considerably more than half — £271,498,000 — represents exports to our Allies, and the greater part, if not practically the whole of this amount has been financed by the British Government itself through loans, the repayment of which is in many cases problematical, and in some cases, such as Russia, may constitute a total loss. Against a national purchasing power thus reduced have to be set imports during 1917 which, excluding government imports, except food, for the first six months of the year amounted to £1,065,256,407. It is as a result of the situation thus created that we have had in addition to our great funded debts in the United States, Canada, and elsewhere, to raise loans at call or at short periods in other countries amounting to-day to between £300,000,000 and £400,000,000, the repayment of which will be our most pressing obligation at the end of the war. The serious nature of these obligations, which have been largely incurred in the interests of our allies and in furtherance of the blockade, is emphasized by the warning against expenditure in neutral countries issued to the American public by Mr. Warburg on his retirement from the Federal Reserve Board.

As regards shipping, the losses of our merchant marine, on which the whole structure of British commerce has depended, and the withdrawal of, we may justly say, the whole of the ocean shipping on the United Kingdom

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register from long distance overseas trade, are now a commonplace in the public press of all countries, and the United States authorities have the fullest information on these points before them from their representatives on the Allied Maritime Transport Council.

Such is the rough outline of the position which faces this country on the eve of peace. Other countries face similar dangers and have made similar sacrifices, but to no other country has foreign trade been so essential an ingredient of national life — and, indeed, so vital a condition of national existence. On it have depended the industries from which our people have gained their livelihood and to which they must turn for employment at the moment of demobilization. It alone has produced the wealth which has made possible the social progress of the country in recent years and on which the aspirations of reformers must make even greater calls in the period immediately succeeding the war. No other nation is in this position. The decrease in *value*, for example, in spite of increased prices, of our exports to Argentina, Brazil, and Chile in 1917, as compared with 1913 — a decrease amounting in the aggregate to 42 per cent — represents to us a loss far greater than can be the gain to the United States involved in the corresponding increase of 107 per cent in the value of United States exports to those countries, a rate of increase which appears actually to have been accelerated in 1918, since the National City Bank estimates that United States exports to Latin-America during the fiscal year 1918, were 160 per cent above those during the fiscal year 1914.

Moreover, a consideration of the conditions under which British foreign trade has been built up during the last century gives a peculiar complexion to the sacrifices and dangers incurred during these four-and-a-half years of war restrictions upon our commerce. Individual initiative has been the mainspring of our activities and the traditional framework of our commercial and industrial prosperity. Government regulation and control has, therefore, in a peculiar degree damaged our commercial machinery and prejudiced the prospects of its speedy restoration.

It is very far from our wish to boast of these sacrifices or to demand special recognition of them. Still less do we desire to complain of the prosperity of our neighbors; but it is an imperative necessity to provide in advance for the quickest possible recovery of British trade after the war as the most vital condition of national revival and reconstruction. In this lies the only protection of our people against widespread suffering and social disorder. And while this is clearly in our interest, it is probably no less important from the point of view of our European allies and of other countries. It has been said in the United States that the Webb-Pomerene Act is 'likely to prove one of the aptest means that American statesmanship could possibly have devised for promptly rehabilitating devastated Europe, for perpetuating the commercial and financial ties now binding the United States to its allies, and for bringing together that League of Nations by which alone peace can be assured after the war.' Similar remarks have been made by American public men in regard to the new American merchant marine. The same considerations apply with even added force to the reconstruction of British commercial machinery. The world has been in a peculiar degree dependent upon that machinery in the past, and its complete diversion to

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war production and war transport is at the present moment reflected in the universal shortage, even in countries not directly involved in the war, of the necessaries and comforts of life and in the chaotic condition of the international exchanges.

It is these considerations, and these considerations alone, which have prompted the activities of the various departments of the British Government since the first establishment of the Cabinet Committee on Reconstructions in 1916. Many of the investigations conducted and the recommendations made by those departments are now before the public. A survey of them shows a very general feeling that in certain special directions direct government assistance is required by various British industries during the present transitional period if those industries are to be assured of an adequate supply of raw materials and means of production and are to be in a position to assure in their turn, full employment at remunerative wages to demobilized labor. On the other hand, these reports also reveal an overwhelming consensus of opinion in favor of the earliest possible return to a régime of free enterprise and individual initiative of the same character that has built up British foreign trade in the past and, it is hoped, will do so again. That trade has been based on a policy of freedom and has been wholly free from any policy of attempted domination of foreign countries such as has characterized the expansion of German trade in recent decades.

It is important to make this point clear, since there appears to be a very general impression in the United States that British commercial plans are evolving in a direction hardly to be distinguished from that taken by German politic-economic aggressions before the war: that we are contemplating an exclusionist policy toward foreign capital in our industries and resources. It would no doubt be possible, in reply to point to the gains made by American industry and commerce during the war, or to the obvious fact that until a high tariff policy against ourselves is abandoned by the United States, American citizens are not in a position to complain of any measures taken here, even if they were not temporary. Any mere retort courteous, however, does not make for the better understanding which should be a common aim on both sides of the Atlantic. What is wanted is a clear statement of the British position and of the principles on which it is based. We regard the British Commonwealth of States or Nations as one whole, just as much as the different States which go to make up the American Commonwealth, though both of those great entities are parts of a larger comity, the better ordering of which should be one of the determinations born of the war. In stating the above view it should also be said that aggression and exclusiveness are wholly alien to the outlook both of capital and labor in Great Britain. The whole principle of British action has been one of freedom. The policy of this country, for example, as regards shipping, is a fitting illustration; nor is there any country which has been more liberal in its attitude toward others. For the future it need only be said that the United Kingdom is not likely to adopt a less liberal policy than the nations with which it has intercourse, and although various sections of opinion in Great Britain feel considerable doubts as to the direction in which government shipping and railroad policy may develop in the United States when backed by the great financial power acquired by that

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nation in the last four years, the great advances we have frequently made to the United States, and the close co-operation actually established between us in commercial matters relating to the war, is sufficient proof that the British Government do not share and will not encourage such apprehensions.

It may, indeed, be the case that isolated actions or utterances by individuals here may have created uneasiness in the United States, just as similar actions in America have been viewed with alarm in this country. Such exceptions are bound to occur. But as regards the general attitude of the British Government or of the commercial community in this country as a whole there is no ground for apprehension, just as the British Government are convinced there can also be no doubt as to the views and objects of the government or of the mass of the citizens of the United States.

It is the realization of these tendencies of British commercial and labor opinion which has prompted the activities of the Department of Overseas Trade. Our policy is to encourage and assist British private firms with information and advice so that they may be in a position on the complete relaxation of existing national and international controls over trade, to re-engage in free commercial enterprise. Such a policy is a far better solution of our problems, and indeed of the problems common to all nations in the present period of reconstruction, and is far more conducive to peace and good understanding between nations than any less public and open projects for the continuance of government control and protection of trade.

It is, indeed, inevitable that those engaged in commerce and industry in this country should view with regret the abandonment of important overseas markets, whether foreign countries such as China and Latin-America, or in the British Empire, and the absorption by American manufacturers and financiers of trade which have only been relinquished because of the devotion by this country of all its energy to the prosecution of the war. Such regret is both natural and healthy. But the efforts now being made by the United States Department of Commerce through its commercial attachés and special agents to promote United States trade, not only in Latin-America, but in Empire markets such as South Africa, are regarded by us as equally natural.

It is the belief and hope of many in this country that the movement for a League of Nations will result not only in coöperation between governments of nations but between individuals or groups of individuals within the countries that are members of the League. Indeed, unless such coöperation follows, any League of Nations will only have realized one part of its potential value. And if such coöperation is effected, there is none which should be more natural than between citizens of the United States and those of the Commonwealth of British Nations.

It is, indeed, for this reason, and no other, that the British Government are convinced that the freer the interchange of views and the better the understanding that may be thereby created between business men in both countries, the better is the hope of coöperation in the future between the two nations to the benefit of the world at large, and the prevention of those policies of international discrimination and restriction which have aroused apprehensions not only in the United States, but also in this country.

The Landmark

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EUROPEAN POLICY AND FINANCE IN CHINA

BY SIR CHARLES ADDIS

THE opening up of undeveloped resources in foreign countries raises problems much wider than that of bank organization. In this form of trade more than in any other, governments tend to intervene and industry blends with politics. In particular this has happened in the Far East, where China has offered an immense field for the concentration and development of international politico-finance.

For a general survey of the movement we need not go further back than the early nineties. In 1894 China lay at the mercy of Japan, but the latter had to forego the fruits of victory by the veto imposed, by a condominium of the Powers, Russia, France, and Germany, on her territorial acquisitions in Manchuria. The position of England, who stood aloof, neither supporting Japan against the Powers nor joining the Powers in despoiling Japan, was not an enviable one. The star of France and Russia at the Court of Peking was in the ascendant. A further blow to the prestige of Great Britain, so it was thought, was the loan concluded by France with China in the following year for 400,000,000 francs. As a counterstroke to that loan, and in order to retrieve her prestige, England entered into a pact with Germany for an equal share in Chinese Government finance, the result of which was seen in the two Anglo-German loans, issued in 1896 and 1898, for an aggregate sum of £32,000,000.

The point to be emphasized is that these were purely financial loans. They carried with them no direct economic advantage, nor can they be said to have benefited, except partially and indirectly, the industries of the lending countries. The transaction, which involved the diversion of a certain amount of domestic capital and its transfer to a foreign country, cannot be justified upon the grounds of economic advantage; it must stand or fall by the value attached to the political prestige which it was the purpose of the loan to establish, and the extent to which it succeeded in achieving that object. In the end the results were found to be illusory. No evidence has been adduced of any gain in prestige to the countries making financial loans compared with those who abstained.

It was felt that something more tangible than prestige was required, and in 1898 we find Germany established at Kiao-chau, Russia in Dalny, France at Kuang-chouwan, and Great Britain in Wei-hai-wei. China appeared to be breaking up, and each of the Powers was anxious to secure a reversion of the fragments for its own nationals. The Anglo-German agreement was extended with a view to delimit the interests of these two Powers in China, and England claimed the Yangtsze Valley as her share. To the policy of prestige succeeded the policy of 'spheres of interest.' It is a difficult policy to maintain, this exclusive right of one country to exploit the industrial resources of a portion of another country, unless you are prepared to fight for it, and for that, when challenged, it was found the Powers had no stomach. Germany promptly repudiated England's claim to the Yangtsze Valley, and it was certain that English public opinion would not support the government of the day in maintaining the claim by force of arms. 'Spheres of interest' gradually shaded off into 'spheres of influence,' that is, the preferential right of exploitation on terms as favorable as may be offered by others, and the battle for territory was succeeded by the battle for concessions to build railways, the

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bulk of which were secured by Great Britain.

The long period of cheap money which culminated in 1898 was favorable to the new policy of economic advantage, and, had it not been arrested by the Boer War in 1899, the history of China during the last two decades might have had to be re-written. It is at least arguable that if the railway programme had been carried out the general improvement in the condition of the people which might have been expected to accompany an extension of the means of communication would have gone far either to allay the popular discontent, which was the cause of the revolution, or to strengthen the hands of the government in quelling it.

Unfortunately, the Powers found it easier to exact concessions than to fulfill them. It was not until 1904 that the construction of the first of the railway concessions obtained in 1898 was begun, and to this day the bulk of them remain a dead letter. Still, so far as it was carried out the results of the railway policy were favorable both to the lending and to the borrowing countries. The labor and capital of each were stimulated. The defect of the policy was that it went too far and too fast. Obsessed by their political aims the governments were reckless of finance, and in their anxiety to peg out claims for posterity the Powers entered with a light heart into contracts without regard to the ability of their nationals to carry them out within a reasonable time. On these terms it was plain that any government, however weak its economic position might be, could take a hand in the game. The Chinese were only too ready to play off one government against another, and in an Oriental country the powers for obstruction, even of the weakest, politically were found to be formidable. It was always possible by offering better terms, even if the last thing you desired was that they should be accepted, to put a spoke in your neighbor's wheel, and then to make the offer of a withdrawal of your opposition a condition for securing a share of the enterprise for yourself. International competition ran riot. Politics and finance proved a dangerous admixture in an Oriental country with a weak and unstable government. It was doubly damned, for it inevitably led on the one hand to political corruption and on the other to wasteful and unprofitable finance. The position became intolerable, and a remedy had to be found.

The natural remedy for the evils of excessive competition is coöperation. In 1910 Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States bound themselves to seek no exclusive advantage in China and to share on equal terms any concessions which each of them might obtain. The Four-Power Consortium, as it was called, was later increased to the Six-Power Consortium by the inclusion of Russia and Japan.

It is significant of this change of international policy, it might perhaps better be said of international attitude, that the first task the Six-Power Consortium took in hand was no longer to acquire profitable concessions for themselves but to redress two of the most urgent needs of China. It is not too much to say that the misery of the populace in China may be ascribed in large measure to the corruption of the administration and the chaos in the currency. The object of the Six-Power loan agreement for £60,000,000 was the reform of the one and the rehabilitation of the other, by the completion of the loan, the first installment of which, for £25,000,000, was issued by the Five-Power Group in 1913. The Americans did not participate in this issue, but there is reason to believe that their withdrawal is only temporary.

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It is too soon yet to speak of the results of the new policy, the practical application of which has been interrupted by the outbreak of the European war, but it would seem to be in the line of the general trend of public opinion in favor of setting up some sort of international organization after the war for reducing to harmony the conflict of national ideals. The banking and industrial groups which compose the Consortium have been the subject of some acrid criticism, but in this respect it may be claimed for them that they were in advance of their governments in pointing the way to a higher conception of international politics.

The policy of foreign industrial loans has been criticized on the ground that under the dominance of British free trade ideas the borrower is left free to purchase his material in the open market, and that, unless a stipulation is made that the proceeds of the loan shall be expended in this country, there is a danger of the orders going to other countries whose manufactures would in this way be benefited at the expense of our own. Experience, however, has shown this fear to be illusory. To demand such a stipulation is to court suspicion. If granted at all it will be granted unwillingly or hedged about with such qualifications as to make the concession not worth the having. It is one of those cases in which, as the practical man knows, the best way to obtain what you want is *not* to ask for it. In practice trade follows the loan and orders follow the engineer. Place an engineer from the Clyde at the head of any industrial undertaking and you may safely dispense with any stipulation as to the provenance of material. Invite tenders from the wide world; frame your specifications in such a way as to suit the engineering standards of different countries; it will be of no avail. In the end you will find, no one can quite say how or why, that your railway, or your bridge, or whatever the undertaking may be, is become as Scotch as the engineer himself. How all this comes about nobody knows, except perhaps the engineer, and he won't tell. But, broadly, the fact is as we have stated it. Apparently free trade, like wisdom, is justified of her children.

The real objection to these loans is not industrial but political. Undoubtedly the original concessions for railways in China yielded a profit to those who undertook them, but the blending of politics with finance proved fatal to its continuance. The rivalries and jealousies of the Powers resulted in an international competition by which the profits of the undertakers were reduced to the vanishing point, and, what is more important, the productive power of the lending country was impaired by the diversion for political ends of the national capital from more advantageous employment at home to less advantageous employment abroad. We must not ask of human nature, still less of a government, more than it has to give. It is not always, perhaps not often, possible to separate politics from finance, but it is clear that their interests are not necessarily identical, and the assumption is that they are better left to operate independently. The burden of proof lies with those who propose any departure from the general rule. The economic loss involved in the use of finance as a political instrument must in every case be justified by a demonstration of a compensatory national advantage.

The last phase of international finance, namely, the substitution of coöperation for competition by the formation of a Consortium of national groups, is open to the criticism that it reduces nations of varying degrees of economic strength to a dead level of

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uniformity; that it confers, to the detriment of its competitors, a quasi-monopoly on the representative group by investing it with the exclusive support of its government; that since a joint tender for any international contract must be at a price which will suit the least efficient of the Consortium groups, the tendency is to restrict freedom of competition and to reduce the national revenue of the more efficient countries by raising the unit cost of production.

To these objections, which are perfectly valid, it may be urged that half a loaf is better than no bread. It is at least open to question whether the absolute supremacy of Great Britain in industry and finance can be maintained in face of the growing competition of countries with larger natural resources and more rapidly increasing numbers, such as the United States with more than twice her population, and Germany with half as much again. And if it be true that the effect of unbridled political competition in exploiting undeveloped countries is to demoralize both lender and borrower, then it may be to our interest to accept an equal share of the advantages on reasonable terms with other countries rather than to enter into a sort of Dutch auction to outbid our rivals in the hope of converting a present loss into a future gain by ultimately securing the share we consider proportionate to our merits.

As for the quasi-monopoly conferred on a particular group by the exclusive support of its government, you cannot in the nature of things expect to enjoy the benefits of an international association without some restriction on the free and independent action of the national units of which it is composed. The group must be a unit representative of the nation if the groups of the other nations are to coöperate with it on equal terms. There would be no object in the Powers forming a partnership for the purpose of restricting competition among themselves, if it were left open to anyone of them to form a second national group untrammeled by the conditions imposed upon the collective action of the Consortium and free to compete with it. No group would be willing to undertake the expense of a preliminary investigation of any great industrial enterprise in the foreign field, the cost of surveys, the maintenance of a staff of experts, etc., if it were liable to be deprived at the last moment of the reward of its labors by the intervention of some competitor, foreign or native, who, by the very fact that he has contributed nothing to the initial expense, is in a position to secure the contract by offering more favorable terms than the original undertakers. Under a protection régime the Continental group is enabled to provide against internal competition by means of trusts and cartels, and against external competition by means of a tariff. In free trade England the difficulties are not so easily overcome. The group are exposed not only to the competition of foreigners but to the competition of their own countrymen, and, unless they can secure the exclusive support of the government, they are not in a position to join with other groups in a joint industrial undertaking. Some degree of national monopoly would appear to be inseparable from any form of international industrial or financial association. There is just this to be said by way of mitigation, that, as it is manifestly impossible to comprehend in one Consortium all the industrial nations of the world, the quasi-monopoly, such as it is, is likely to be tempered by a good deal of international competition from those outside the pale.

There are other and more serious dangers to be feared from within, in

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the graver issues involved in the combination of finance and politics of which a Consortium is compounded. The balance between the two may be so unevenly adjusted as to afford the groups an opportunity of bending the policy of the Powers to the prosecution of the selfish and noxious aims of a certain type of cosmopolitan finance. Or it may be that one of the Powers may be able to deflect the policy of the Consortium in favor of its own national interest by inducing it to grant a preference to its friends or to inflict a boycott on its enemies.

The reality o these dangers is undeniable. They can only be kept in check by a rigid insistence on the transactions of each group being exposed to the light of day and subjected to a persistent and searching public criticism in the country of its origin.

It passes the wit of a man to devise a scheme which shall be invulnerab'e to criticism at all points, but upon the whole, in spite of its admitted defects, we are disposed to believe that, within the domain of government-assisted finance, the substitution of international coöperation for international competition will be found as a policy the least open to objection. It is the only means left to us for keeping the door open to trade in undeveloped countries, and, in view of the vital importance of that policy to a free trade country, the argument in the case of Great Britain would appear to be conclusive were the difficulties in the way of international coöperation ten times greater than they are. It is a policy in accord with the spirit of the times as embodied in the project of a League of Nations, a project which it is manifest can never be brought to a successful issue if it fails to take account of the urgent need of reducing to harmony the economic as well as the political discords of the democratic nations. Political peace! Industrial peace! It is the dream of a war-worn world. If it is not to remain a dream, if it is ever to be translated into reality, it can only be effected in international government finance through the medium of representative national groups working in concert for a common end under the supervision of their governments and, in the domain of international trade proper, through the complete freedom of the individuals of different countries to exchange their commodities without let or hindrance on the part of the State

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TALK OF EUROPE

THAT Joseph Conrad's prose can on occasion be perfectly companionable is shown in an account of what he calls his first and last flying experience, written by way of friendliness for the journal of a certain Flying Squadron, and not as yet discovered for quotation by the outside press. It is interesting, at the moment, to note that he flew in a seaplane: 'The machine on its carriage seemed as big as a cottage, and much more imposing. My young pilot went up like a bird. There was an idle, able-bodied ladder loafing against a shed within fifteen feet of me, but as nobody seemed to notice it, I recommended myself mentally to Heaven, and started climbing after the pilot. . . . As to my feelings in the air, those who read these lines will know their own, which are so much nearer the mind and heart than any writing of an unprofessional can be. At first all my faculties were absorbed and as if neutralized by the sheer novelty of the situation. The first to emerge was the sense of security, so much more perfect than in any small boat; the, as it were, material stillness and immobility (though it was a bumpy day). I very soon ceased to hear the roar of the wind and engines — unless, indeed, some cylinders missed, when I became acutely aware of that. Within the rigid spread of the powerful planes, so strangely motionless, I had sometimes the illusion of sitting as by enchantment in a block of suspended marble. Even while looking over at her shadow running prettily over land and sea, I had the impression of extreme slowness. I imagine that had she suddenly nose-dived out of control I would have gone to the final smash without a single additional heart-beat. I am sure I would not have known. It is doubtless otherwise with the man in control. But there was no dive, and I returned to earth (after an hour and twenty minutes) without having felt 'bored' for a single minute. I descended thinking I would never go flying again. No, never any more — lest its mysterious fascination, whose invisible wing had brushed my heart up there, should change to unavailing regret in a man too old for its glory.' Mr. Conrad's allusion to boredom refers to a warning from the Commander before he started on his flight — a warning most beginners receive from experienced flyers.

PARIS must be well worth seeing, if the correspondent of the *Telegraph* speaks truly. He writes:

'It seemed as though, in order to provide Paris with a cosmopolitan population, the world was drained of its crowned and uncrowned rulers, of its prosperous and luckless financiers, of its high and low adventurers, of its tribe of fortune-seekers, and its pushing men and women of every description. And the result was an odd blend of classes and individuals, worthy, it may be, of the new democratic era, but unprecedented. In the stately Hotel Majestic, for example, where the dignified political cloud-compellers of the British Empire had their residence, exquisite diplomats actually danced with spry typewriters and smart amanuenses. Fallen Royalties, self-made statesmen, clever politicians, Premiers, and Ministers who had formerly swayed the fortunes of the world, resided in gorgeous palaces, and were favored by Kaisers, Emperors, and Kings, were now the unnoticed inmates of second-class hotels; Ambassadors, whose most trivial utterances had once been listened to with painful attention, but could not now obtain an audience of the greater plenipotentiaries, and were not permitted to travel in France without more than average discomfort and delay, met and crossed each other in unexpected places. I once sat down to lunch with a brilliant company, and had for my neighbor a man who was understood to have made away with a well-known personage in order to rid the State of a bad administrator. Killing is no murder, many revolutionists hold. And ours is a revolutionary epoch.'

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THE scandal of the abuse of the British Museum by the authorities apparently continues. A protest has been made against their intolerable usurpation by Sir Arthur Evans, who prefaced his address to the Society of Antiquaries with the following winged words:

'Though it was found impossible in the face of the general condemnation of the proposal to make the British Museum the headquarters of a combatant department, other departments of a civilian character were installed within its walls, and whole galleries dismantled and broken up, to the undoing of the work of generations, for their reception. A promise was given to the Trustees that two months after the conclusion of the war these intrusive bodies should be removed. In many cases, both in the British Museum and in other public galleries, after six months' interval of peace, they are still in bureaucratic occupation. Protests in Parliament insistently put forward by our recently elected fellow, Lord Harcourt, have elicited no satisfactory assurance of a time being set on this usurpation. As to the present condition of affairs I may relate an experience of my own only a few days since. Having urgent need for the purpose of Cretan researches to refer to certain objects in two different sections of the Museum, some in the early Greek and others in the Egyptian Department, I found them in an almost unrecognizable condition, their cases empty and concealed by shelves laden with piles of business documents, while on each side of the central gangway were rows of improvised shanties, run up with match-boarding and resembling nothing so much as a street of some mushroom settlement in the Wild West! The nhabitants as far as I could see were mainly of the half-fledged female species.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

J. L. Garvin is the editor of the *Observer*, and author of one of the most distinguished books of the year, *The Economic Foundations of Peace*.

* * *

Gabriel Hanotaux, historian, critic, and statesman, was the author of *France Marches to the Rhine*, printed some weeks ago by THE LIVING AGE.

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M. Paderewski, composer and pianist, has for some time devoted himself to the cause of Poland.

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Algernon Blackwood is the author of *John Silence*, *The Centaur*, and other tales in which the mystical element predominates.

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E. V. Lucas, humorist and essayist, is the well-known editor of the favorite anthologies *The Open Road* and *The Friendly Town*.

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Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, scholar and student of world politics, has been Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Colonies since 1915.

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Sir Charles Addis, author and banker, has been manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank since 1911 and has written extensively on Chinese civilization and affairs.

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CONSOLATION

BY D. L. I.

Time has two gifts to offer those in grief
For their lost dead — one is forgetfulness,
With pain and sorrow become something less
Than present pleasure, glimpses faint and brief
Of the dear past; and this men call relief
And healing; but the other gift more rare
Is pain that lasts, and with it strength to bear,
And memory, of life's joys become the chief.
Let love be keen to choose the nobler gift,
And learn to live with sorrow as a friend,
Gentle, yet strong, that will admit no drift
Into forgetfulness. So to the end
Love shall be loyal and, in spite of pain,
Find in that loyalty a lasting gain.

The Bookman

EVENING

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Come out and walk, the last few drops of light
Drain silently out of the cloudy blue;
The trees are full of the dark, stooping night,
The fields are wet with dew.

All's quiet in the wood but, far away,
Down the hillside and out across the plain,
Moves, with long trail of white that marks its way,
The softly panting train.

Come through the clearing. Hardly now we see
The flowers, save dark or light against the grass,
Or glimmering silver on a scented tree
That trembles as we pass.

Hark now! So far, so far — that distant song —
Move not the rustling grasses with your feet.
The dusk is full of sounds, that all along
The muttering boughs repeat.

So far, so faint, we lift our heads in doubt.
Wind, or the blood that beats within our ears,
Has feigned a dubious and delusive note,
Such as a dreamer hears.

Again — again! The faint sounds rise and fall.
So far the enchanted tree, the song so low —
A drowsy thrush? A waking nightingale?
Silence. We do not know.

The New Statesman

THE LAW OF PROHIBITION

BY ALICE MEYNELL

Yet are there nooks of vine
In little furtive vineyards that escape
The righteous Law, and foster for its wine
The altar-destined grape?

In hiding, day by day,
In Western suns the sweetening cluster fills,
As in the league-long vintage far away
On European hills.

Yet does the Law abide.
Christ comes but to fulfill it, as before.
The wine within the chalice need not hide,
For it is wine no more.

The Dublin Review

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